

6 Thom LA
STRATONICA;
OR
J.P. The Unfortunate
QUEEN.
A NEW
ROMANCE.

Written in *Italian* by *Luke Assarino*,
and now Englished
By *J. B. Gent.*

LONDON:

Printed by *J. F.* for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are
to be sold at his shop at the Sign of the Prince's
Arms in *S. Pauls Church-yard*.

M D C L I.

MB

Y7A200 INT
70 Y7A200
Y7A200 COACHING

PQ 4605

.A8 S81 B9

Rare lib. review

to the Right Honorable and most
Vertuous Lady, my Lady

Katherine Howard,

Eldest Daughter to the Right Honor-
able and my most Noble Lord,

THE
Earl of *Arundel* and *Surrey*.

MADAM,

Being to Sacrifice Strato-
nica, I humbly beg your
Pardon if I do it on the
Altar of your Ladiships
Perfections and Patron-
age, where I hope I may take Sanctua-
ry, and holding on my course (since

A 2

your

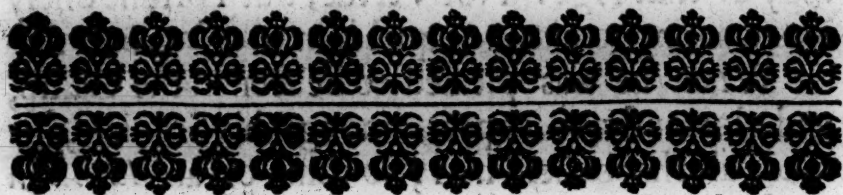
The Epistle Dedicatory.

your Honor's at the Helm) have a favorable Passage through the World of Mens Opinions. To you therefore Madam (whose delicate Composition can be equalled onely by the Beauty of your Minde) I offer up and consecrate these my First-Fruits in this kinde. And though the little Brook (which returning to the Sea, and there gratefully emptying it self) may as well make the Ocean overflow, as this Tribute of Gratitude express my Devotions to your Ladiship, yet be pleased (Madam) to accept of this little Oblation from the Hands and Heart of

M A D A M

Your Ladiships most humble
and most devoted Servant,

John Burbery.



LA STRATONICA;
OR
The Unfortunate QUEEN.

The First Book.



When *Alexander* was dead, his Commanders who then numbered more Victories then days of his Life, like Stars at the setting of the Sun, made themselves conspicuous with the Rayes of Regal Power; for, dividing that great Empire amongst them, every one of them became a King.

By one of them which was called *Antigonus*, *Demetrius* was begotten, a Prince no less famous for the greatness of his Minde, then the handsomeness of his Body.

To him alone it appeared, That Heaven with a hand rather Prodigal then Liberal, would give what it had of most value in the Rich Treasury of Nature. *Demetrius* was observed by all as a Pro-

B

digy

digy of that Age: Not Vertue, but Fortune onely was wanting to him, to equal him to *Alexander*.

When he was pleased to be seen in the Camp, and gloriously to appear amongst his Soldiers, he made all that beheld him, to think of an *Adonis* in the habit of *Mars*.

This Prince then and *Fila* his wife were *Stratonica's* Parents.

She was presented to the World in that time, when the Stars were most active to Characterize a Womans Nativity with the gentleness of their Influences. The Child grew apace, and her Hereditary Beauty displaying it self (which, restrained in the narrow confines of that so tender Age, was not fit yet to raise up with a Grace the appetite of Sense) arrived at that height, That possessing the Mindes of all her beholders with a sudden admiration, gave occasion to men of doubting, whether she was Mortal or no.

I would willingly draw here to the life the portraiture of this Queen, if my black Ink were not too unfit a colour to set forth a Celestial Beauty.

Let the Reader therefore imagine a Face, and a Body shaped with the most exquisite proportion, of a hew as white as the driven Snow, and cloathed with the best Grace. Let him conceive in his fancy such a Readiness in her, as is most commended in Speaking; such a Modesty, as is most approved in Conversation; and such Courtesie, as is most desired in Courtship; and of all these particulars, let him finally beleieve *Stratonica's* Composition. Nature left her nothing to desire, but bright shining Hair;
for

for hers was neither yellow, nor black, but of a middle colour ; but the brownness of her Chestnut coloured Hair, together with the whiteness of her Face and black Eyes , without doubt represented her more beautiful.

Now *Stratonica's* Fame grown greater then Belief, though not the Truth, flew with most glorious applause through the remotest Provinces of *Asia* and *Europe*.

Its flight was so fortunate, that where by it self it could not arrive, it came driven by the sound of her Fathers Martial Trumpets; so as where they recounted *Demetrius* his Victories , they likewise made mention of *Stratonica's* Beauty.

The Prisoners which were brought from the Camp to the Court where she was, having frequent occasions of seeing her , took it for a very great happiness that they had been overcome ; for they knew it was not lawful for any to see so much Beauty, without the loss of his Liberty.

Apelles lived in that time. His age, though then great, yet was not at that pass to diminish one jot the force of his Body, or the vigor of his Minde. He no less famous for his Pensil in the Excellency of his Art, then bold of Spirit in the variety of his Designs, made it appear to the World for an undoubted Maxime , That the greatest Wits are more violent and hardy in their Affections then others. He hearing *Stratonica's* Beauty much commended , desired extreamly to draw her Picture. He supposed that the Glories of his Pensil could nowhere receive greater honor, then from that Prin-

cesses Fame. Being then resolved for such an enterprise, he stole away from *Corinth*, the place of his abode, and in few days arrived at *Bursia*, a City seated at the foot of the Mountain *Olympus*, where *Demetrius* had his residence.

The Custom of the Queens in never shewing themselves publicquely, unless on Solemn days, for some Moneths would have retarded the execution of *Apelles* his design, if his Fortune had not brought him to that place in a time, that was near a noble Sacrifice, which they every year used to celebrate for three days together in the Temple of the Idol *Baal*.

All beginnings do concur in order to the end, when the end crowns the Work.

Amongst the rarest Fabricks of *Asia*, that Temple was esteemed as the greatest. It had four Frontispieces of the finest polished Marble, and as many great Gates. In the middle of the Temple was erected a proud Altar, very easie to be seen from all the four doors.

The first of the days (which were destined to the Sacrifice) being come, and the greater part of the Nobility and People gathered together with solemn pomp within the Court, *Apelles* (who had with anticipated time made choice of a very fit place behinde a Pillar) as soon as he saw among the waving multitude the longed for *Stratonica*, with her Mother the Queen, to enter into the Temple, I know not by what cause (being overcome with wonder) remained not senseless. That pillar peradventure (which he used as a wall to stand before

fore him) bequeathed to him its qualities; if we may not rather say, That he needed much a pillar to keep him on his legs, at the first encounter of that fairest sight.

She, with her Mother, being seated near the Altar on a Throne, which they used to prepare for their Majesties on such days, seemed a Goddess worthy to be bowed to by the Idol it self, whom all bowed to.

Demetrius was not present with these Queens, for he was engaged in the war he had made against *Ptolemy*. His absence eclipsed the rayes of *Apelles* his glory. He, after he had for a good while (while the Priests were expected at the Ceremonies) fed the first hunger of his eyes, with the sight of an object so rare, began (as if come to himself) to think of his Pensil, and Designing. To that end snatching suddenly a Black-lead Pen with some Paper, he designed in haste the lineaments onely of her face, to be able better afterwards in his lodging, to colour with his Pensils her Image so lively imprinted in his minde.

The good old man (while he formed his design in that maner behinde the pillar) resembled another *Prometheus*, stealing the beams from the Sphaer of the Sun.

That would certainly have happened to him, which befel him in the painting of *Campaspe*, if the frost of his snowy age had not kept his heart unhurt from the flames, which were breathed by that countenance.

So in those three days of the Sacrifice, he having
the

the opportunity of beholding *Stratonica* at his pleasure, so happily finished her Picture, that in nothing but silence it differed from the original.

The joy he had that the Picture was well done, exceeded far *Pigmaliions* for the beauty of his statue.

Being therefore ready to go homewards, he seemed a proud *Jason*, returning from the conquest of the golden Fleece. He found no opportunity of returning to *Corinth*, to adorn with that Picture his Cabinet, where he kept the dearest pieces he had, but forced to deviate from the shortest way (by reason of the wars of the adjacent Countries) he arrived at *Nicomedia*: Finding there a Galley that was bound for *Corinth*, he embarked himself very gladly, and began his journey.

The Sea shewing its beauty in a calm, and the Wind in that serenity its faith, enticed all the passengers to be enamored of their voyage; but their constancy lasted but a day.

The Sun did set that Evening, covered over with clouds; and the Heavens, by the colour of that funeral habit, seemed to represent to the Saylor's the horror of an approaching death.

The first hours of the night, assembled together all the breath of the Wind, which blew from the land; and they went not much farther, but by little and little they heard the North-wind blow fresh a far off.

As the waves grew bigger and bigger, so the clouds in like manner were condensed, as if that the Stars had procured them to hide all their faces, because

cause they wanted courage to look on the destruction which the sea was about to commit.

Now the wind, grown impetuous, roar'd aloud among the Masts and the Sayl-yards, which beaten by the Ropes, seemed in a maner to inform them by a doleful whistling, That the Sayls being too big with wind, were straight to be delivered by the death of the Galley.

It rained without end, and lightned most horribly. 'Twas fearful to see by the light of the Lamps, the huge height of the waves, which (resembling snowy mountains, by the foam which grew white on their backs) came rowling all along to bury the unfortunate Vessel.

The Marriners therefore turning all pale, fell hastily to easing of their Galley, by throwing into the Sea all the Fardels and Chests which came next to their hands.

Apelles in so great a confusion, having nothing but a Hamper, in which were lockt some cloaths, together with *Stratonica's* Picture, was not wanting to conceal it for some time; but seeing that they continued casting overboard, knew not how longer to preserve it.

What wilt thou do unhappy *Apelles*, now that thy life and thy glory depend (to speak so) on the will of a mad Sea? If with drowning thy self, thou wert sure to keep thy Picture, I beleeve thou wouldst gladly lose thy life to save that, which would make thy life eternal; but the evil of it is, that thy loss both in this and in that is the same.

O Gods, if any one could have seen what variety

ty of things in a moment, that Wit then thought of, who shewed himself always contagious in his actions !

When he had been for a while so ambiguous, he suddenly snatcht the Hamper, and seeing that the Rain was gone by break of day, which though dusky, yet came on apace, he took out *Stratonica's* Picture, and exposing it in haste to the eyes of the Marriners, cryed out,

Behold, O Friends, behold her Picture, who now can onely save us ! Behold, O Sacred Goddess, behold our Dangers, hear our Lamentations, suffer not the Waves to drown the devoted to that Deity which is born of the Sea.

Every one being stupid and dazled at the Beauty of that Face (which they certainly beleev'd was the Picture of *Venus*) made so doleful a noise, and wept in that maner, as it would have moved to pity any other thing but the Sea.

While they so prayed, were it by chance, or diabolical operation, the Galley arriv'd in a Neighboring Creek, where the Sea with a great deal less noise did beat the sandy pavement of the shore.

The wretched shipwrack'd-men had now some time to breathe, but they breathed in that maner, as if they had been doubtful of their safety, so sudden a change of Fortune had astonish'd them so much : But assured that they were safe, they went ashore, and although they were far off from all Humane commerce and habitation, yet in touching that barren Coast, they had all the pleasures which
the

the greatest and most flourishing City could afford them.

They staid there two days, till the Sea was appeased, to recover themselves of the disasters they had suffered. Thence putting again to Sea, they landed in a little time after at the much desired Haven of *Corinth*.

Certain Ambassadors of *Seleucus* (driven by the same tempest) arrived also there, who returned for some Affairs from *Cassander* then reigning in *Caria*. They desirous to see a City renowned for many things, after they had visited the principal places, came to *Apelles* his house.

There he (in the middle of a very great Hall) stood with his miraculous Pensil, distinguishing from the *Chaos* of colours, so many Worlds as he had Pictures at hand.

The Figures then finished, seemed as if they gloried in their Being; and on the contrary side, to desire their perfection, who had not then obtained it. The Skin and the Flesh grew visibly on those Muscles, which had nothing that was faigned but Opinion. The Figures would have spoken, if *Apelles*, like another *Pythagoras*, had not first of all taught them to be silent in his School.

The Ambassadors were amazed, and seemed no less Figures, then the Figures themselves. Being at last in his Cabinet, where his perfectest things were, they presently fixt their eyes on *Stratonica's* Picture. They would have kneeled to it, for the majesty of that Countenance would not let them beleieve it was a Picture. They could not under-

stand how those Eyes and that Mouth had not life ; and they stood with so much reverence contemplating it, that they blushed.

They thought that *Stratonica* said, I boast of two Forms, the one from *Jupiter*, the other from *Apelles* : If I had not had the first, it had been no matter, provided that I had not wanted the second. To be born in *Apelles* his time, and painted by him, is to have (as it were) the priviledge of being twice born. That Being which *Apelles* hath given me, envies that of *Jupiter*, because it hath no life ; that envies this, because it is not subject to death.

The Ambassadors (taken up with such like thoughts) said, 'Twas happier to be a Picture, and have always the sight of *Stratonica*, then a man, and not present in that place.

Man hath no happier Deceit to feign himself a Deity, then the Art of Painting.

It is a glorious thing to know how to make a Body, it would be more glorious to know how to form a Soul ; but if the Soul were a visible Object (so much imitation hath intrenched on sacred things) the Painter would give life to his Pictures.

But the Ambassadors returned to *Seleucus* (among the most memorable things they had seen in their journey) related to him the story of that Picture.

The King beleeving what they said in the praise of *Stratonica's* Beauty, and enticed with the Fame of *Apelles* his Art, was presently on fire for the same. A Gentleman to that end was dispatcht to the Painter, with order to pay him for that piece
any

any sum he should demand ; provided he would part with it.

Apelles (as soon as he had heard what *Seleucus* desired) much lamented his ill fortune, which always endeavored to deprive him of so precious a Jewel. In the end, having very well considered what was best to be done, he refused the Money and delivered the Picture.

It is needful to sell dearly to Princes, or to give freely to them ; the first is more secure, the latter would be Nobler, if many great persons hated not the actions in private men, which (having more of greatness then the state of a private life requires) resemble the actions of a Princely Minde.

The Picture being come to *Seleucus* his hands, it is impossible to describe his astonishment at it. Those Eyes and that Face (which were nothing but shadows joyned together) darted such a light on the old mans Minde, that they dazled his Reason, and inflamed his Heart.

Seleucus grown a Lover, what childish things fell not he into ? what indignities did he not commit ? Made an Idolater of a Goddess more conceived in Opinion then Essence, while he adored the Copy, he sighed for the Original. He spake to himself, and had no Body with him at that time, when his business gave him leave to be alone, he beheld it, revered it, kissed it, being onely so happy in his unhappiness, as he could, when he pleased, satisfy himself with those shadows of Beauty, which in being onely shadows, were extreemly like Beauty.

Having thus, with the memory of *Stratonica*, oftentimes an occasion of remembring *Demetrius*, and thinking very seriously on the credit and glory he had purchased in the Wars, he resolved for the love of his Daughter, or as *Plutarch* rather sayes, (to strengthen himself with a potent Kings friendship) To request her in Marriage.

Ambassadors being therefore dispatcht to *Demetrius*, he expected the issue of the Embassie with great uncertainty of Minde.

Demetrius was a very wise Prince, though lascivious: And though he was then in that condition, that it seemed easie to him to aspire to the Empire of all *Asia*; yet, considering that nothing was less certain then Martial Expeditions, he neglected not the means to fortifie himself with that assistance, which he judged to be best against the assaults of all sudden Accidents whatsoever.

Having therefore understood the Kings minde, he not onely was well pleased with the offer of his Alliance, but likewise resolved to conduct the Bride himself into his Kingdom.

The Ambassadors returning to *Seleucus* with so fortunate an Answer, so transported him with joy, that he was almost distracted.

He no sooner had heard that news, but he was all a fire to celebrate the Nuptials.

He therefore gave order to *Antiochus* his Son, to prepare himself speedily (with the greatest Princes and Lords of the Court) to be gone towards *Bursia*, and from thence to accompany *Demetrius*, and the desired *Stratonica*.

Antiochus

Antiochus (who was a youth of great hopes, and of an age ripe for marriage) without doubt seemed fitter for that match then *Seleucus*; but he that with the colour of his hair had not changed yet the vigor of his minde (being still in an age that could command in Loves assaults, and preferring his own pleasure before his Sons) would have her for himself.

All things being ready, *Antiochus* departed with a very good attendance of the noblest of the Kingdom, and carrying with him very fair Presents, in less then eight days arrived in *Bursia*.

Demetrius (who then was come back from the Expedition against *Ptolomy*) there received him with great Demonstrations of kindness, and presented him to *Stratonica*, who was lodged in the end of the Pallace.

His Reception was glorious, and the Complements which passed between them, confirmed their affection and mutual Devotion.

The eyes of the Prince (which were eager in gazing on *Stratonica's* face) should in reason have caused a sudden fainting in his heart, yet his inward alteration was not great; were it that *Antiochus* being yong, and not knowing the true value of Beauty, was not ripe yet for Love; or were it (as 'tis more credible) that Love being to win him by little and little, could not with those first flashes kindle a fire which could be perceived.

All *Demetrius* his Court was full of joy for so great a Persons coming, and many Shows and Feasts were ordained in the City to entertain him the more honorably.

While

While they were thus employed in *Bersia*, *Seleucus* (who had no other life, but what the hope gave him of soon being in his Mistress's arms) solicited with frequent and indefatigable Posts, *Antiochus* his return.

The hours of the day (too too fleet and soon gone) seemed Ages to him. He was offended with himself, that his Scepter wanted Power to invert the Motions of the Celestial Machines, to make that Day instantly come, which was to illuminate his Nuptials.

They are extream in their affections, who are in the extremity of fortune. A Prince (that resembles a God) is angry to do things like a man. He thinks it a defect, if his Power be not as ready in performing, as his Will is in desiring; whence running to the end of his desires the shortest way, he invades and overthrows oftentimes all the humane and sacred respects which do thwart him.

In the end after three Moneths, which were spent by *Demetrius* in preparing all things needful for the Voyage, and expecting a time fit to sayl in, he departed with *Fila* his wife, *Stratonica* and *Antiochus*, and arriving at *Nicomedia*, where a gallant Navy was in order for that purpose, he embarked himself for the coast of *Soria*.

'Twas then the Moneth of *June*, from whose serene Majesty the fearful Winds flying, durst build no more clouds in the Heavens, nor erect any Waves in the Sea. The Fleet sayled on a Plain of moving Christal, having onely so much wind in their Sails, as served to make peaceably their way.

'Twas

'Twas a very fine sight to see the huge Galley (which carried the three Princes) flame all of Gold, and draw after it for bravery its Streamers of Purple along the contiguous shore.

The proud Ornaments that deckt it, were a Patern perhaps to *Cleopatra's Ship*, which was afterwards seen to ride in such Pomp upon *Nilus*.

It was so capacious, that it held two thousand of the Guard, and besides many very useful Chambers, had a Piazza and Gardens proudly compassing the Prore and the Poupe.

The Pride of the Kings of *Asia* was not onely not content to tame the Sea with the weight of such prodigious Fabricks, but would also (inverting the Order of Nature) have Trees seen to blossom, and fruit ripen too in those Barren and Salt Plains.

Amongst other Maids of Honor, which *Stratonica* had brought with her, was by chance *Sophonisba*, the daughter of *Faustus*, *Demetrius* his kinsman. She had (to accompany the Nobleness of her Blood), a most beautiful Body, and as fair a Minde.

She was skilful in Rhetorique, and very well learned; She had good skill in Musick, and made as good Verses as any of the Poets of her time. She was infinitely well Fashioned; but humorous; and all her Actions shewed a kinde of Greatness and Spirit, which made her much admired.

She was for those qualities, not onely well beloved and esteemed by *Stratonica*, but likewise of all the Court. *Antiochus* his Genius resembling *Sophonisba's* both in Musick and Poetry, he took delight

delight to be every day in her Company, to Sing and make Verses.

This Recreation encreasing with Pleasure, was a little while after the cause of great Amity between them; but the friendship so augmented in *Sophonisba* (who was very full of life) that it quickly turned to love.

Antiochus at that time was but seventeen years of age. He was tall of stature, and very finely shaped, though still growing. His Masculine gravity (encreasing with his age) began then to bud in the full blown Beauty of his Face. He looked and spake so sweetly, that all swore the Graces had their residence in his Eyes and in his Mouth. His Minde was as Resolute as Gallant; and though he was young, yet he always shewed great Constancy in his Resolutions.

The now Love-sick *Sophonisba* felt therefore her Bowels to burn with more violence, by how much she endeavored to conceal with greater secrecy her flame.

Those amorous fits would have shortly come to dorage, if she had not very wisely used means to help decaying Nature.

To be often in the sight of her beloved, was the way to feed in her a great part of that desire, which was nourished by nothing but *Antiochus* his Presence. But the Waters of those Visits served for no other end to her Amorous Dropsie, but to make her thirst the greater. All the ease she had (if it be credible that a secret Lover can have any ease) consisted not in any thing, but in mentioning him

him often, and praising him to *Stratonica* her Mistress.

She disguised her Praises of affection in the habit of Duty, adventuring to hide with some pretext that which no pretext could do her the favor to reveal.

But the Sentinels now began to discover *Demetrius* his Navy from the Mountains of *Soria*. *Seleucus* (who two days before was come with a reasonable Army to *Tripolis* to meet with his Bride) as soon as he knew it, gave orders to his Soldiers to be ready, and he with the Flower of his Court very gloriously Adorned, went aboard certain *Bucentori* of the nature of Galleys, to go meet with his heart which was coming to him in his Mistresses Bosom.

The first Salutations in the approaching of the Fleet, were artificial Sounds, passing through the holes of a thousand hollow instruments of Box.

Perhaps they joyned to *Seleucus* his Sighs, formed an equal Wind, either to refrigerate his Flames, or to blow them with more Violence.

As soon as they had Boarded one another, 'twas a Sight (that deserved to be seen by all the World) to see with what Majesty and Ceremony the two Kings received one another, at whose onely Names the remotest Confines of *Asia* trembled.

Seleucus beheld *Demetrius* and admired him. The Beauty of his Body and the Gallantry of his Minde represented him to *Seleucus* for more then a Man.

Demetrius on the other side revered *Seleucus*

D

as

as a Relick of *Alexanders* Glories, and as a Captain who had been a Soldier under the Command of a Man, to whom the Command of one World seemed too little.

Seleucus was tall of Stature and strong of Body, in so much that on a time when *Alexander* was a sacrificing, by chance a wilde Bull having fled from the Altar, was by him caught again, and held fast.

He was clad that day in a sky-coloured Armor sparkling with pieces of polished Silver. He had on the side of his Heart (set in his Corslet) a heart of fine Corral, near which a Sun of Gold was represented darting its Beams on it.

The extravagant wearing of his Crown, which (resting on a Rowl of fine Bisse, woven with divers colours) gilded his temples, and the wanton negligence of his regal Mantle falling from his right shoulder, and hanging on the side he wore his Sword, were an alluring Habit, which though they were fitter for a man of fifty years, misbecame him not at all.

Having ended their Complements, and rejoicing much together for their new made Alliance, *Antiochus* (who had at the first done his Duty to his Father) bowed to him again, and *Seleucus* (having quitted *Demetrius*) embraced him with great kindness.

Thence going all three towards the Chambers of the Queens, they were very well seen by the Gentlemen and Soldiers there present of both Crowns.

The Sea groaned quietly under the stroaks of the
Oars

Oars of so many Gallies, and the Air being beaten with Millions of Sounds of Drums and Trumpets, made so great a noise, that it wearied the Eccho's of the neighboring Shores.

The three Princes (being come to the Antichamber of the Poupe) heard themselves welcomed on the sudden by a Consort of Viols, whose strings without doubt would have played away *Seleucus* his Heart, if the hand that toucht them had plaid more then once.

But no sooner they had begun, but the door was opened to them.

I want a Similitude to expresse with it the wonder that by drawing of that Curtain was presented to the eyes of *Seleucus*. The removing of a Vail, which shews in the night the Glory of a Scene beautified with innumerable Lights, is a vile Comparison.

Seleucus resembled a man, who departing this life opens his eyes in another world.

The Chamber was all covered with Mother of Pearl: The Conjunctions of Gold which held them together, were wrought with fine Figures. *Stratonica* with *Fila* her Mother sate on a Couch of cloth of Silver on Cushions of the same. Eight or ten Children cloathed like little Cupids with a Bow and a Quiver at their flanks, plaid up and down. More below in a circle sate twelve beautiful Maids of Honor, among which *Sophonisba* appeared no less eminent in Beauty then in Dignity.

Stratonica was habited like a Nymph; the Gold and Jewels she wore, exceeded much the value of a
D 2 Kingdom.

Kingdom. But *Fila* seated with a Crown on her head, was Majestick and Grave.

Those amorous Archers had a custom (when any went in to the Queens) to shoot at them (for Ornament) with their Bows. Were it by Chance, or by Art, one of the Arrows (gilded and blunt) as *Seleucus* entered in, hit him on the heart, which we spake of before.

He was so transported in that his first appearance, that by his disorder his good grace was in danger of miscarrying. All his life was reduced into a look, and the Queens onely knew he was a live by his looks.

The admiration in seeing one another was reciprocal in all.

The Queens had heard often of *Seleucus* his Fame, and desired as much to see him, as he to see them.

The good King kneeled as they rose up, and with a stammering tongue desired to kiss their hands. They forcing him to rise, would by no means permit him to do them that service. At last being gently reproved by *Demetrius*, he rose up and said to them,

I should rejoyce with you (my Ladies) if in having acquired a Son in Law and a Husband so unequal to your merits, you could say you had gained by the Purchase. My Crown (though esteemed by the world) deserves not to be valued by you, but for this, that 'tis rich in incomparable Devotion and Affection to your Majesties. It belongs then to you (O my Queens) to rejoyce with me. I onely
(among

(among all that are this day alive in the World) have more obligation to the Stars, then any man besides. To live when *Stratonica* lives, to be the Companion of her Fortune, and the end of her Thoughts, are such Graces, as Heaven never gives, but when it intends perfect Happiness. To make me very fortunate, be pleased, O *Stratonica*, my Mistress, to accept of me readily for your Servant, and give me some assurance of it, that my Happiness being known to the World, every one may swear, I no longer am Mortal.

Having said so, he embraced her with much reverence, and kissed her.

Thou diedst not *Seleucus* of pleasure, because it was impossible for thee to die in the mouth of thy life. Thy Soul in that kiss had contracted all the pleasures which Love hath to give. If thou hadst not loved *Stratonica* in that maner, that thy passionate Affection made thee chaste, that sweet Poyson would not doubtless have found an Antidote against it.

The Queens were well satisfied with *Seleucus* his Behavior and Expressions, and answered him with that courtesie, which is due in like cases.

In the mean time all the Courtiers there present, hung at the mouth of the Princes, observing their Majesties, and admiring their carriage.

Having ended their Ceremonies, they discoursed of other matters; in the progress of which, *Seleucus* stealing often his Soul from his words, gave it to his looks.

His eyes were so eager in beholding *Stratonica*,
that

that they were like the eyes of the Bird that hatches her Eggs with her looks.

O what immensity of Beauty, restrained in the narrow confines of a Face, presents it self, *Seleucus*, to thy view ? Why seest thou it, and diest not, since Seeing and Dying deprive alike of life an enamored Heart ? It perhaps preserves thy life to think, that those animated Alabasters live not, and soften not for any but thy self.

The possession of a Happiness so great, is certainly able to give life ; but if the possession of Beauty be not otherwise enjoyed, then by looking upon it, That possession is unprofitable which hath no longer pleasure then the lasting of a look.

By that time the Navy (slowly sailing on towards the Haven) arrived.

They dis-imbarked with that greatness and pomp, which became well the Majesty of a King, and a Lovers first desire.

But among the stateliest things which were seen in *Seleucus* his Delights, was a very great Pallace, made all of Wood in that maner, that Two thousand men hired for that purpose, could instantly set it together. It was rarely well built, all gilded, and curiously Painted : When it was taken asunder, they carried it conveniently on Carts in the journey.

In this Pallace, every night (while they travelled from *Tripolis* to *Damascus*) the Princes were so gallantly lodged, that *Lucillus* his Apolline, and the Delights of *Heliogabalus* (which followed after) in comparison of them, might be justly called Shadows.

Stratonica

Stratonica rode in a Chariot drawn by four Birds of that bigness, that it is liker a fable then the truth to relate it.

They breed in the Inhospitable Mountains of *Giava* the greater; and it is written of them, that they carried with such ease through the Air a Calf, fastned to their Talons, as a Falcon would a Sparrow.

By the Winged Coursers, we may judge of the rest of the Chariot.

The Armies of both Crowns went before, and Fifty other Chariots followed after; in which were the Princes, the Ladies, and chief Officers of the Court.

It was Majestick to see with what Military Rule and good Order they travelled. The Pioneers joyned in two Legions, levelled the Hills, removed the Woods, and dryed up the Rivers, if need so required.

The power of Kings can do these wonders, and it is not a wonder that it can do so much. If man be the King of Animals, to be King of many Men, is to be King of many Kings; and who wonders, that the Actions of a King should be great, since in them the Assistance of so many Kings concurs.

All Ages envyed the Plains which *Stratonica* passed over, being the Scene of so beautiful a fight.

Let the Reader imagine, That the Soul of *Selencus* was distributed among all his Soldiers. Every one of them co-operated with that diligence to his end, that the new Lover had nothing else to do but to desire. The slowness of their march one-ly

ly vexed him : He desired that *Stratonica's* Chariot would have flown, and perhaps to that end he put the Birds in it ; but who knows that those Birds were not *Selencus* his winged Desires ? They doubtless would have flown in my Opinion, if the Bridle of Respect, due to his Queen, had not checkt them.

But being near *Damascus*, they were met, and received by the City, with the greatest signs of Loyalty, that faithful Subjects could demonstrate to their Prince.

The Arch-Triumphals and Altars were erected, the streets hung with Tapistry, and the Playes and Balls which that day were seen, would weary any Tongue, and any Pen.

The concourse of people was so great, that besides the Inhabitants of *Damascus*, torrents of persons came tumbling from the neighboring Cities. The Galleries, the Balcones and Windows were all filled ; and the rest of the people, not knowing which way else to come to see, hung on the ridges of the houses, and kept themselves from falling, by leaning on the Walls.

The huge throng of people would have doubtless stifled thousands of the Curious, if a Masque recreating their spirits, had not kept them alive.

Stratonica used always to go masked ; were it that the World was unworthy to see her Face, or were it, that she feared lest her Face might occasion some ruine to the World. Howsoever it was, a little piece of Velvet, or Black-Taffaty, hid from the eyes of *Damascus* that Beauty, which neither
high

high Mountains, nor vast Seas could conceal from the eyes of *Selencus*.

Being arrived at the Pallace (which stood at the head of a very large Piazza) and weary of their journey, they reposed four days, and the Sacrifices in the mean time, and nuptial Magnificence, were prepared.

In the end, the day being come that was appointed, *Selencus* (after he had solemnly Sacrificed) espoused his dear *Stratonica* by the hands of the high Priest. Having afterwards caused her to sit down on the right hand of his Throne, he made all his Lords swear Loyalty to her, and acknowledge her for their Queen.

The Feasts that then followed, and the Banquets which were made, are far beyond all imagination.

No Pleasure was omitted, nor Show laid aside: But that which had power above every thing else, to transport the hearts of all with a wonder, was a very vast Theater, which the Engineer of the portable Pallace, that we spake of before, had built on that spacious Piazza.

It was (like a Geryon) composed of those three Bodies which make *Architecture* admired. The great Pillars, the beautiful Statues, the majestick vast Beams, the curious Pictures, the various Devices, and quaint Motto's, made a heap of Wonders able to amuse the clearest understanding.

It contained Twenty thousand Spectators, and had Six moving Machines in its vast hollow bulk, every one of which made a Scene. In them *Orpheus* was represented in Hell, playing on his Harp

for *Euridices* recovery; *Theseus* in the labyrinth when he killed the Minotaure; The same when he deserted *Ariana* in the Island; *Circes* transforming her Lovers into Beasts; *Ulysses* retreating from the Musick of the *Syrens*; and *Arion* saving himself on the back of the Dolphin.

Those Acts were seconded with most excellent enterludes of Musick. The Spectators were amazed in that maner, that many learned men thought it necessary to deliver them to posterity in Books.

The patern of those Representations (being afterwards by those ancient times, delivered from one another, to our days) was lastly seen to flourish in the Feasts of the Princes of *Italy*, and particularly in his Highnesses of *Parma*; the Machines of whose Nuptials, if they wholly exceeded not those of *Seleucus*, exceeded them at least in having there present one *Clandio Achillini*, whose admirable invention, not onely with the harmony of Order, but likewise the design of the Carpenters work, perpetually made them famous.

Other pleasant Shows succeeded the former, and *Damascus* for the space of a moneth appeared the Worlds delight.

When that time was expired, *Demetrius* (to ease *Seleucus* his Country of the inconveniencies caused by his Army, and to carry back his Navy to the Havens of his Kingdom) took his leave of his dear Daughter, and his new Son-in-law, and returned with *Fila* to *Tripolis*, where he embarked himself.

Stratonica felt their departure with that grief,
which

which was taught her by the Law of filial affection. And while she was alone in her Chamber, to accompany their voyage with her sorrow, *Antiochus* came to see her.

He saw her (ah sight!) he saw her in that posture, which would have mollified a Flint.

Her Face was so sweetly full of pity, that even sorrow it self looked well in those Cheeks. The fire of her looks, though bathed in sadness, was not lessened at all; but albeit it burned in the water, yet it could not be said to be artificial fire. It was too natural to *Stratonica* to burn him with her looks.

It is hard to describe with what affection those eyes big with grief brought forth tears. The fair Queen in that act resembled *Aurora* in travel of the day. Her tears much exceeded the morning dew in Beauty.

To hear her name pitifully her Father, so wounded the heart of the Prince, that the hurt was incurable.

He beholding so pleasing a sight, was wholly transported with her Face, and began to consider more seriously *Stratonica's* great Beauty.

That his pity (which he felt pierce his heart) was the Embryo, of which, by little and little, Love afterwards came to be formed.

It was but Reason, that what began of Pity, should make an end in Love. And it was a lucky sign to *Antiochus* his love, that it began of grief.

Joy and Sorrow are the two Centers of all humane
E 2 Actions.

Actions. He that begins with the one, ends necessarily in the other.

Antiochus undertook to comfort the Queen, and so affectionately comforted her, that he even kept her company in weeping.

His Compassion assured her of his Love, and her Sympathy and Affection to him from thence increased infinitely.

The remembrance of that afflicted Beauty was a Key, which opened to *Antiochus* the door of acquaintance. From that time, ever after, when he looked on *Stratonica*, her Beauty seemed greater to him, and her Behavior more pleasing. He delighted in nothing but her Conversation. To be the mark of her Looks, and the eccho of her words, represented to him the felicities of Paradise. Now *Antiochus* was grown almost a Lover, but perceived not that he loved.

On the other side *Stratonica*, who saw that in all Feasts, and particularly in the Balls, and in Tilt-ing, *Antiochus* alone was reputed the most valiant, and esteemed the most handsom; considering too no less, the most pleasing and amorous dispositions of his nature, was by little and little so enamored of him, that she acted more the part of a Lover than a Friend.

Reputation in Arms, is a very great motive to Love.

Women, as deprived of that excellency (in this unlike themselves) envy not Valor, but admire it in Men.

They hate so much Feminine weakness, that they

they cannot love the man that is Effeminate; or being to be subject to man, they cannot without blushing endure to be commanded by him, who cannot shew himself to be more then a woman.

So by little and little, the Fire fortified it self in the two Princes hearts.

But the flames were so great in *Sophonisba's* beyond measure, that there was no hope of remedy, unless she would discover them. If either Love shewed her *Antiochus* in Armor in the Field, to shew his Valor, or if he presented him to her unarmed in the middle of a Ball, to make a new Conquest with his Graces, his presence had still the same power, either this way or that to unbowel her.

The Unfortunate Lady sang frequently with him, and perhaps composed the Songs in order to her Passion; but Art could do nothing where Nature would not help.

She was now so far gone in her Love, that it either would have shortly caused her death, or forced her to speak; but Love very strangely delivered her from the danger she was in.

She received advice, That *Faustus* her Father was dead, and that she as his sole Daughter, was left Heir of a large Country; that therefore it concerned her (in the company of her Cousen *Periander*, who was come to convey her from the Court) to resolve to depart.

She retired into her Chamber at that news, being invaded in a moment with a Million of thoughts tormenting her Minde. Her serene Brow was uncalmed,

calmed, the colour of her Face turned Pale, her Eyes wept abundantly, her Breast sighed aloud, and she in an instant was made an unfortunate Winter of Affliction.

She felt her Fathers death by the absence of her Lover; she felt her Lovers absence by the death of her Father: One grief encreased with the memory of another, and in the Ashes of that, the Fire of this kindled apace.

It is no little Happiness to one that is unhappy, to vent without scandal his Torments, when his Torments are derived from a Cause, which may occasion Scandal.

The Minde of *Sophonisba* (over-flown with the torrent of such Sorrows) could not choose but transport her to a firm Resolution of discovering her self to *Antiochus*.

The state of that Lover seems to her too unfortunate, who is silent and far off. She therefore sought occasion to be with him alone; but when she is beginning to speak, affrighted with the Majesty of the Face she adores, little more then half alive she congeals and grows mute.

The Prince took no notice of her Passions, because she was still to be unhappy. She seeing she had lost so fit an opportunity, knew not how with any thing to punish more her self, then by going away presently.

'Twas now night when she began to take her leave of all.

'Twas fit a black Licence should forerun so dark a Voyage.

Seleucus

Seleucus having given her a very rich Jewel, kissed her on the fore-head.

All happiness go with thee *Sophonisba*. The Gods know (he said to her) what a loss my Court hath of thy Presence.

Stratonica wept, and embraced her oftentimes; onely *Antiochus* wished her a good journey, and took his leave of her without much alteration.

That was very good luck for *Sophonisba*: one pale look of his would have made her dye of want.

Having ended her Ceremonies with all, she locked herself in her Chamber. She went not to bed to take rest; but after much uncertainty of minde, wrote a Letter to *Antiochus*, and delivered it to one she loved well in the Court called *Eleuteria*, entreating her to give it into his hands, when she guessed she might be a little way off from *Damascus*.

The morning being come, *Aurora* scarce blushed when she with her Company took Coach, and set forwards on their journey.

The disconsolate Lady was glad, that then all the Court was asleep, that she might meet no more of those Objects, which would cause her to weep. She concealed her self in her funeral Coach, lest the Objects she might see, should seem to reprove her of her distance from *Antiochus*.

Eleuteria about noon supposing *Sophonisba* was far enough off, found *Antiochus*, and presented him with the Letter. He blushed a little at it, yet thanked *Eleuteria*, and locking himself in his Chamber, opened it, and read as here followeth:

I am

I Am too bold, O Antiochus. To write then to you when I may speak, is not always a sign of Modesty. If these Characters (in which my mourning thoughts like a Serpent move hither and thither) had the force to make you penetrate what I fain would have you know, how your vertues have had the Power to make me feel what I would conceal from all but your self, I should live more contented, you remain better satisfied. But what do you expect that I should tell you? In what an ocean of thoughts waves your Minde while you read? Where think you will these rows of Words, or rather these Lines finde an End, which are drawn from the Centre of my Breast? Alas, I want Power to express it. My Antiochus, who truly art not mine, but as I represent you to my self. Since it was my fortune to contemplate your Vertues, and receive your Favors, Love so invaded me, that I could not resist him by forbearing to be yours. Many Moneths are now past, since my heart hath encreased the number of your Vassals. You have commanded one Soul more then you knew of, and still are Lord of it. My Actions, my Looks and my Words would have well informed you of it, if you had made reflection on them. But I have been either too fearful, or you too negligent. Being content howsoever with my Fortune, which was careless in acquainting you with it, I rejoyced as much in loving you, as another would perhaps have rejoyced in being loved again. I was to my self (as I may say) both the Idol and Idolater too. The Sphar of my Fire had no greater Circumference, then

then what was turned about by the Circuit of a Heart. To see you, to speak to you, and to be in your Company, were the greatest rewards I could desire for my Love. That Lady seemed too happy to me, who had leave to lay her heart in the bosom of a King. But since the death of Faustus my Father hath made unhappy the happiness of my life, by forcing me to go from your Court, I (wounded past all Cure) knew not what other remedy to have recourse to (to preserve me alive) but this of informing you, That I love you more then my self. To love you at a distance, and without your knowledge, were too cruel Conditions to the Fortune of one so unhappy as I am. I must either have died, or informed you of it. To have done it with my tongue, would have been more pleasing to me, with my Pen it hath been safer. If you should have refused me, I should have died of grief; if accepted of me, of delight. Either this way or that I must have died, if she be said to dye, who is Crowned with a triumph or Martyrdom. Be not scandalized my King. A woman that so long hath known how to be silent, would have known ne'er to Love, if it had been in her Power.

I am sure that you will not condemn in your Servant, the Flames which your own Rayes have kindled. Pity my sorrows, which onely are mine, because I am excessively yours. And remember, that I (turning sometimes to the Heaven, under which you take your breath) will invoke that name often, which would onely make me happy if I had not occasion to invoke it. I desire you not to Love me, for it would be temerity to desire so great a thing. I onely beseech

F

you

you to pardon me, if those offences be worthy of pardon, which in nothing else have Wronged you but in Loving you.

Amazement seized *Antiochus*, as soon as he had read over the Places, which had Power to make him wonder; and, as if his Soul from that Letter had drunk some liquid Poyson, he began to perceive a sudden fire in his Bowels.

An amorous Letter to a youthful Heart is a learned Enchantment. The Hooks of those Characters are artificial pick-lock-tools to open the secret Bolt of a Heart. To see a Leaf written, is like seeing an Army in the Field; Every Line is a File of Men. Words give Battel to the Minde and overcome it, for there is no force more powerful then that of Words to batter a Minde.

Antiochus read over the Letter once or twice, which was a Composition too pleasing to uncalm the tranquillity of his Thoughts; and causing *E-leuteria* to come to him, questioned her earnestly to see what she knew else of *Sophonisba*. Thinking then again on the accident, and Love making in the Field of his Memory a Muster of the Vertues of that Lady, he lamented much her absence, and so violently fell in Love with her, as he would have repaired all his past negligence, if what is once past could ever become present.

He omitted not to answer her Letter, and mingled in his answer many amorous Conceits, to assure *Sophonisba* that he loved her again. But his answer come to *Bursia*, was returned with this answer,

swer, That the miserable Lady was dead.

The sorrow she had for leaving her *Antiochus*, was the cause of her death. And who wonders that she died leaving him, if *Antiochus* was her life?

The Fame of her Death being spread through *Damascus*, all that had known her, wept for her. Every one bewayled the too untimely death of *Sophonisba*, the Sun of whose Vertue had given so much Lustre to that Court.

Antiochus above all (cloathing in Black his dearest Thoughts) erected in the Temple of his Heart, a Monument of Tears to his deceased Mistress.

His sorrows were the greater, in order to the strife within himself to conceal them.

But all he could do, could not hinder the Marks of his grief from appearing with state on his Countenance.

Those Remembrances are sorrowful, which called to the Heart make the Eccho of a Tomb. They have something of poyson, which fuming to the face, makes it pale. Sepulchers contain onely ashes, and can give no other colour to him that thinks on them, but what is of ashes.

But the Mark being removed towards which the desires of *Antiochus* began to run, he remained as deprived of sense, because he could no longer be sensual.

The man that applies not himself to some Love, is like a Body without Life.

The good Prince is unsatisfied, till he fill afresh his heart with some other Affection.

Humane Condition is of such a constitution, that if once it lose its modesty in desiring, it presently becomes dishonest in its Desires.

He waving up and down in these irresolutions, Love presents before him *Stratonica*. He before having carelessly designed the first Draughts of a Love more then filial towards her, thinks it easie to pursue it, until it degenerate into lust. He therefore begins to wish to see her, and is pleased with her favors. But return'd to himself, it is probable that he said oftentimes to himself,

What ways are these? Whither runnest so *Antiochus*? Dost thou invent Treasons? Treason's the more hainous, since they are against Honor? Can thy Heart have a corner where a Thought may hide it self; a Thought that is so foul to be an Adulterer to thy Father? And livest thou, and breathest? And hast the impudence (wicked wretch) to endure the others looks? And on what are founded all thy Hopes, though they are just Hopes? Perhaps on *Stratonica's* allurements? And thinkest thou that she flatters thee lasciviously? Mad-man that thou art, canst not be faithless enough thy self; unless thou likewise thinkest Fidelity it self faithless?

With these or the like internal Motions, *Antiochus* mortifying his Senses, stopt the course of his Affection to the Queen, and was afterwards more cautious, and less careful to preserve it.

She seeing him grown tepid and sad, was not wanting to make use of all occasions to rekindle his Affection.

And

And he (after some little resistance) returned to the Happiness of her Favors, and began to desire them afresh very passionately.

So the course of his Affections altered by turn, till after some days *Antiochus* arrived at that point of his Life, in which a Change of Fortune was decreed him by his Fate.

On the side of the Pallace, *Selencus* had a Garden no less spacious then beautiful: In it, as in a leavy *Lycaum*, or an Academy of Plants well looked to, the vegetative Creatures taught men the Sciences of the most learned Beauties. There in the Summer the King used to walk in the Evening, and to Sup oftentimes.

One Evening therefore among the rest, being there at Table with the Queen and the Prince, they were infinitely merry.

It was in that part of the year, when the World (become yong again) uses with flowry Hair to array his naked Face. To see *Stratonica* in a Garden, was to see the Sun in his Sphær. That Garden seemed the Epitome of all the Worlds Beauty, and *Stratonica's* face the Epitome of that Garden.

Antiochus (grown drunk with the pleasure of a thousand little flatteries of the Queen) was no sooner a Bed, but disordered his minde with a Chaos of Thoughts now unquiet, now calm, and penetrating into the Contemplation of what had passed that day, sighed to himself through abundance of Compassion, and cryed out oftentimes.

Sweetest *Stratonica*! And who would be happier then

then I am, if what thou dost to me as a Mother-in-law, thou wouldst do as a Lover ?

In these or such like words he continued, and his Senses being fettered with the soft snares of sleep, he dreamed in the night, That passing through the Garden, he had found *Stratonica* all alone in a labyrinth of Mirtles, which grew there in the middle. The afflicted Queen being seated (as he thought) in those shady retreats, immoderately wept.

What ails you Madam ? Why weep you so disconsolately ?

She then looking on *Antiochus* with a countenance between angry and pleased, seemed thus to answer him,

Cruel man ! Art still so inhumane to ask me why I weep ? I so long have been dying for thy love, and thou returnest not my kindness, nor makest account of it, and yet thou askest me why I weep ?

The Prince (congealing at those words) was immoveable and senseless. Having afterwards by little and little recovered his spirits, he endeavored to mitigate her Sorrow, by assuring her, That he suffered as much for her sake.

The Dream wrought so powerfully, that *Antiochus* awaked. Being come to himself, O Gods (said he) who can tell if *Stratonica* loves thee not unfeignedly ? who can tell ? But Fool, what say I ? Is *Stratonica* false to my Father ? Ah ! these are distempers of a youthful Brain, they are distempers.

So he reasoned with himself, and leaping out of his

his Bed (when the Sun had now gilded the Windows) came into the Room, where he used every morning to do his duty to the Queen.

Poor *Antiochus*, how near is thy Liberty to an end?

Round that Presence-Chamber, from the top, hung rich imbroidered Cloth, the height of which (being adorned with a circle of Pictures done by rare Masters) entertained the Eyes of all the Beholders with a very stately Sight. On one of the four sides, on a Table of Silver, was erected to the middle of the Wall, a very great and clear four-square Looking-glass, which resembling a calm Sea, bounded with the *Ethiopian* shore of a transparent Ebony, invited all the Faces and Species of near Objects to sail on its Bosom.

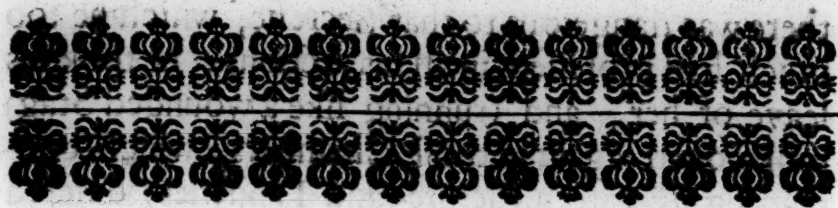
Now while *Stratonica*, the King, and many other domesticks (which coming from their Chambers, had assembled there themselves) stood discoursing on the rest they had taken the night past; the Queen (who was afraid to be observed by her Husband, if too often, as she otherwise would have done, she had fixed her Eyes on her beloved) learned to look kindly upon him by stealth in the Image, which the Glass reflected of him: so while she was secretly delighted with his sight, *Antiochus* by chance casting his eyes up and down, found the Queens fixed on him.

But who can now repeat the great force of that encounter of their looks? And how significant was that sudden correspondence of their eyes? It was the Work of an Angel, that she in an instant assured,

assured, reproved, and encouraged the enamored Prince.

If thou doubtest that I love thee (he thought that those Eyes said to him) if thou doubtest that I love thee, O *Antiochus*, behold this my Soul, which wholly contracted in the little circle of a covetous Apple of the Eye, hopes onely to be helped by a dying Aspect. To assure thee of my Love, me-thinks the many signs thou hast had of my Affection, should suffice thee. But since thou wouldst never credit them, nor beleve the last Nights Vision, wilt thou credit this Glas? Ah, see *Antiochus*, see that I love thee.

The Eyes are the Wonders of the Face, and dark Figures of Divinity. We may call them too the Dyals of Love, which fastned on the Wall of a Countenance, shew with the Style of their Looks, the minutes of hours, either happy or unhappy to Lovers. They shewed Love-sick *Antiochus* that infallibly from that Moment, by assuring himself of *Stratonica's* Affection, he burnt in that maner, that his Flame was almost after past extinguishing.



The second Book.

NOW the Heart of *Antiochus* was combustibile Matter. The form of that Look so kindled the Fire in his Bowels, that he being unable to contain it intirely in his Bosom, it likewise fell to flaming in his Face.

Philosophy hath no Secret that is able to repress the first Passions of the Minde. They invade with that violence, that they tyrannize.

Poor Lovers amongst their Miseries, count not for the least, that of Blushing, and frequently growing Pale, because in the colours displayed on their Cheeks by their Minde, they cannot help declaring those Affections, which they would most conceal.

But Nature that hath contracted the universe in man, hath placed in his Face the eccho of his Heart.

Antiochus his blushing, made *Stratonica* blush too; for she could have no sign that he was aware of her Affection without being ashamed.

G

The

The Prince therefore taking notice, that his stay there was dangerous to that Secresie, which he too much had professed in all his Actions; he took his leave of her, and (running like a wounded Stag) took covert again in those Chambers, which (considering the green Pictures and Tapestries) differed in nothing from Forests, but in that they were Painted.

There transported in an amorous Extasie, he frequently lay in the trance of a thousand Delights. Between him alone, and his heart, was the Conference, which in cases like this, is easier phansied then described. He was so well pleased with himself, that he seemed a Courtier complementing with a Friend.

All that while his fair Mother-in-law was no less pleased then he, onely she could not have the liberty to perfect her Joy, by reason of her Ladies attendance, who were always waiting on her.

But they limited the Violence of their Joy, with a reciprocal Desire of reseeing one another that Morning, before they went to Dinner, to return to the Cement of those Looks, with which their Souls had begun to be acquainted.

So when the inundation of Blushing had ceased in *Antiochus* his Face, he went out well composed, and being come thither where he had left *Stratonica* before, he found her standing there, and reading certain Letters from her Father, which she newly had received.

Days which begin luckily, seldom end unhappily: Disasters and Joyes use commonly to come single;

single. The beginning it seems infuses certain Qualities into things, with which it does either vivificate or infect them.

It was a day of Felicity to the two enamored Princes. It began with the Private, and was to conclude with the publike Joy.

The said Letters brought advice, That *Demetrius* having caused *Alexander*, the Brother of *Antipater* to be slain, who lay in wait for his life, was by the *Macedonians* (the deceaseds Subjects) saluted for their King, and conducted into *Macedonia*.

Stratonica very glad of the news, gave order that *Seleucus* should be called in all haste, and in the mean time communicated it to *Antiochus* with so pleasing a Countenance, that in it he had more things to read then in the Paper.

The yong Prince transported with the joy of that pleasant gesture, if once he looked down on the Letter, often lifted up his eyes to look the Queen in the Face. In the end, having heard what the Letters contained, he cryed out, and expressing great contentment, said to her,

I wonder not (Madam) that Kingdoms owe their Being to the valor of your Father; I wonder that the Subjects of slain *Alexander* knew not how to revenge their Kings death, but by giving the Crown of his Kingdom to his Murtherer.

Indeed, I confesse (dearest Prince) answered *Stratonica*, That if this news had not been written to me by my Fathers own hand, I should not have beleaved it; howsoever, the stranger it is,

the more it hath replenished me with Joy.

From whence (replyed *Antiochus*) we onely may argue, That King *Demetrius* his Merits are so eminent, that Fortune afraid of their greatness, hath turned into peaceable Scepters their vindicative Swords, and changed Blood-thirsty Wars into Vassallages full of Devotion. If therefore his Friends and his Servants are bound to rejoyce for his Victories, I (amongst them all who am the most obliged to him, as well for his Valor, as the Interests (Madam) which I have in your person) cannot do less then kiss your Hand to shew you my Gladness:

And bowing himself, he desired to kiss it. But *Stratonica* making a pleasing resistance, very cheerful and smiling, returned him this Answer;

Prince, I will never permit you to be so obsequious to me, I am very sure that your Joy for my Fathers prosperity equals mine; wherefore it is unnecessary for you to assure me of it otherwise then you do by your Countenance.

But *Antiochus* persisting in his desire to kiss her Hand, at last overcoming her, kissed it.

I beleeve (O *Antiochus*) the Repulses of thy beautiful Queen, were the usual tricks of witty women. Peradventure for the sweetness of thy kiss, she wished then her mouth on her hand.

But thou wouldst have been certainly very happy, if thou couldst with that kiss have buried thy life in one of those fair little Graves.

While they were so discoursing, *Seleucus* came to them, and informed with emulation now by
Stratonica,

Stratonica, now by *Antiochus* of *Demetrius* his good fortune, he seemed externally to be very glad of it, but really within himself he was very sorry for it.

Men applaud, but fear his Greatness, who is able to suppress them. Princes like Plants cannot endure the height of those Trees which can shade them. Every one hates in his Companion that happiness, which he fain would have himself, and continually seeking to ballance anothers power, comes many times to lose his own.

Selencus howsoever to conceal his own resentments, gave order the same morning for the making of a very Solemn Feast, where by the number of the Lords which were to be present, the quality of his Love (which he fained to his Father in law) might appear the more Glorious.

Tables (like Tragical Scenes) use oftentimes to kill noysom Thoughts with the death of Meats. And those cares which (saying on the Ocean of the Minde) are affraid to lose themselves, being plunged in the little Lake of a foaming Chrystal, suffer often Shipwrack.

Man hath no Theater more delightful to entertain all his Senses then a Table, and nothing more hurtful to his health, or more scandalous to his behavior.

The Fame of *Demetrius* his good Fortune, and the order for the Banquet being spread through the Court, the joy was universal in all Hearts, especially in theirs, who professed themselves the Subjects and Dependants of that King. Among them *Lico-
cofronia*

cofronia a Lady well in years, and *Stratonica's* nurse, made shew of great contentment.

She was at that time the greatest among those near the Queen. *Stratonica*, who had sucked her Milk, had likewise sucked the Custom of respecting her as a Mother. The Authority in her Face equalled that of her State. No Lady spake more eloquently, and none led a more unblemished Life.

In those joyes (which were the cause of Confusions and Whisperings) the two enamored Princes could very well mingle their pleasures, without running the hazard of being observed; for the Ladies, the Pages, and other Domesticks of the Court, being busie about one thing or other, had no time to stand still, and take notice of the Actions of their Patrons.

But *Seleucus* (when he had conferred some time with the Queen about the news of his Father-in-law, and the preparations for the Feast) retired into his usual Lodgings, the better to attend the Affairs of his Kingdom.

Antiochus (to give no suspicion of himself, with his being continually with his Mother-in-law) did the same; The Gods know with what Minde. Being come to the Threshold of the Door, which locked his Heart from him, he turned himself to see his Life which remained there within, and he saw her stand looking on him.

Farewel they said, in that encounter of their Looks. Heaven knows how I depart, Love knows how I stay here.

Antiochus

Antiochus went away full of Joy, but what caused his Affliction to depart from his Happiness. He goes through those Rooms, he wanders through the Galleries of the Pallace so transported; that saluted, he returns not the Civility; that met with, he is ignorant of the Person: He answers when he is not spoken to, and asks Questions when alone.

Love is the Wine of the Soul. He muses on the world of the Looks he had received: He repeats the words that followed, and his destiny lastly (whether to make him turn Physitian, or to distemper him, I know not) makes him a careful Anatomist of the Body of every little Favor.

When he had mused enough, and concluded with himself, that he was very much in *Stratonica's* Favor, he was pleased to speak to some of his Favorites, to pass with the Discourse of divers things that short morning, which before dinner came, seemed to him an Age.

Stratonica in the mean time (who raved in her Thoughts no less then he) resolved to appear to *Antiochus* more glorious that morning, and (to honor the Feast with the stateliest show which she could represent of her self) to be regally adorned.

To that end, being gone into her Cabinet with two diligent Chamber-Maids, she sat down by a Table the Pedistal of a Looking-glass, which within the Frame of enamelled Silver, seemed as if it came to beatifie that Face, in which there is not a Heart that feels not a thousand Beatitudes.

But here I confess, I would fain know how to describe her. The dalliances of a Pen which are
delightful,

delightful, would not be ingrateful to me in this occasion. It was too strange to the World, to see a Looking-glass look in a face, and a Woman run no less the danger of Idolizing then Deifying her self.

Stratonica could in nothing shew more her Affection to *Antiochus*, then in looking on her self at that time. Being ready to be enamored of her self, she omitted to do it, because she would not be a rival of her self to her Dear.

The Queen (though she had no need to instruct in any Action her Countenance, to set out her Graces more lively) yet studied how her laughter might be pleasinger, her looks more compassionate, and her face more attractive.

It is the disease of all handsom Women (though Nature hath enriched them with her gifts) to be begging still of Art those Affectations which infect their Beauties often.

Looking-glasses are Magick Books to Women; They learn in them those Spells, which (to charm a man) become sweetly cruel. A Looking-glass hath the Quality of a Counsellor, and a Priviledge granted to no Counsellor, it speaks always the truth, and is always beloved.

While therefore *Stratonica* was either the Glass, or looked in it, the Chamber Maids began to unpin her Head, and untangle the Knots of Ribbands, which rowled up together in the folds of her Hair, served either to bridle their Boldness, or bury their Errors, their Boldness or Errors committed in ensnaring Lovers Souls.

The

The Queens Hair like a deluge over-flowed her Neck and her Face, to hinder peradventure with their inundation the Looking-glass from silvering its Chrystal in the whiteness of that flesh.

As soon as she was combed, she washed her Face with a Water, which distilled from many Herbs, was in opinion with those Chamber-Maids, of having the Vertue to make fairer the skin. I say in Opinion, because in reality though its Vertue had been such, yet it could not do any thing in her Beauty, which (an infinity having filled all places) had rendered incapable of any Augmentation. Howsoever, they began with this Water, and they ended with this Water all their Painting in *Stratonica's* face.

She to so many Prerogatives had from Heaven, added that of not being an Alchymist. Whosoever went to spy in the secretest Repository of her Cabinet, found not there a world of little Boxes (not to say Crucibles) in which most Women think to finde the Stone of Beauty.

Stratonica knew very well, that in the elaboratory of those distilled Labyrinths, nothing would be gotten in the end, but the colour of Coals on the Teeth, and the wrinkles of burning on the Skin.

When the Chamber-Maids had done washing her Face, they fell to ordering her Hair. Its trimming at that time was as stately as it was new.

On the Crown of her Head, like a glorious Diadem, was a circle of Tresses of Hair adorned with Diamonds; in the middle of which (looking towards the height of her forehead) was placed a

H

Jewel

Jewel of an extravagant fashion, the greatest Gem of which, was a very large Carbuncle reduced into the Figure of a wounded Heart. Two thick Locks of curled Hair hung on her Temples, within which (as it were in living Cages) the soft Thoughts of Lovers played like little Birds. She had for her Pendants two little clusters of Grapes, which (to agree with the Jewel) had sparkling Stones. Then from the top of the plaited Rowl, hung loose a fine Vail inter-woven with Silver, which swoln with the Air of Ambition, that it had in serving for so Noble a use, fell waving to hide the hinder part of her Head, and came down to the back of the Queen.

Being adorned in this maner, she from the Neck upwards, resembled very well a Spring full of Flowers, when in a clear Morning it is seen overcast with a little thin cloud.

When her Head was artificially dressed, they brought her a Silk Gown from the Wardrobe, in which the Weavers Shittle had most fortunately assembled all the Colours and Figures of the Wheel, in which the stately Peacock turns about the pride of his Feathered Beauty. The Gold mingled with the Jewels (with which she was richly adorned) fell short of the first Quality of its worth. She, perfumed with Amber and Musk, had taken such deep scent, that for a good space breathing fine fragrancies on the circuit about her, she made every breath of air of incomparable value. Moreover, the fashion used then by the Queens was so proper to make them seem handsom, that she could not desire

desire more of Art, whose end is to further dishonesty.

Stratonica being dressed, and those Jewels distributed, some to her Breast, and others to her Neck, to make all that saw her more dearly prize her sight, she attentively stood to see what opinion of her dressing the Looking-glass would have.

What wouldst thou have else, O *Stratonica*, of Nature and Art? See freely with all diligence, if by chance this or that have been wanting in any thing that you can desire. The miracle of Perfection which no where else is seen, with what a miracle now may be seen in you alone? What is this heap of Beauty like, with which in an instant you affront so the weakness of a Chrystal? It is comelier, and more terrible then an Army shining all in Steel. Poor Lovers, why do ye not rather beleeve it then die?

So it seemed that in *Stratonica's* Breast a Thought said to her, which she her self knew not if it was hers, or of her *Antiochus*.

To be armed in that maner with Ornaments, that her Beauty was about to be Cruel, seemed to her a sin of Homicide. She considered, that the Bowels of a Lover were too weak to resist that invasion of Joy, which a presence of that nature must occasion; and that man used no less to die of Joy then of Sorrow. To have so much Authority in her Face, and so much grace in her Looks to offer violence to Affections, seemed not fit Qualities for her, who desired to be rather a Queen then a Tyrant. She knew very well that the Soul of her

Dear had sworn voluntary subjection to her, and that to compel his Affection (which was not behind-hand of it self) was to hazard him to a precipice, or condemn him to die quickly.

These Considerations could not be debated in the minde of *Stratonica*, without causing her to alter. The Alteration dy'd her with a Blushing, which was caused by pity. She who in the Glass desires to be less Fair, the less to afflict him that loves her, when by her new colour she perceives her Desire is derided, with an Alas full of Anger, throws away the Chrystal far from her, and turns her back on the Cabinet.

A Womans condition would be too disproportioned, if she had not some natural gift to ballance the endowments of man. Nature therefore gave her Beauty, that it might be as useful to her, as Strength is to a man. But because to be Fair, imported too much to the Nature of Man, and to be strong, to that of Woman; she so tempered these two Qualities, that changing the colour, she made the Strong seem Fair, and the Fair Strong; Strength that is not Beautiful to allure, and Beauty that is not strong to overcome; neither truly can we say it is Beautiful, nor with Reason affirm it is Strong.

Now the Ladies that were invited beginning to appear, the Queen gloriously Adorned, went out of her own into the Presence-chamber to receive them; and being seated under a very rich Cloth of State, with a Circle about her of her Noblest Maids of Honor, caused all that were then come to enter in.

The

The Ladies from one to another were amazed to see, that thinking to do their Duties to a Queen, they were encountered with the Majesty of a Goddess there seated. The fear and alteration in their Ceremonies made it very conspicuous, that the Soul affrighted with the sight of so much Beauty, abandoning onely all the parts of the Body, was in the little Circle of the Apple of the Eye weakly fortified.

The usual signs of Reverence and Affection being made and received, all of them sate down in order to their Condition and Quality.

They spake not at first, for the Spirits which (to manifest their joy for *Demetrius* his encrease of good Fortune should have run to the tongue) were all employed in their eyes, in gazing with delight on the wonders of *Stratonica*.

Silence too augmented the qualities of that Beauty, whose first Quality was to infuse a Silence.

The Ladies beheld *Stratonica*, and having beheld her, beheld one another. The amazement which every one shewed, served to her Companion for a Testimony, to assure her that she saw no illusion.

Every thing was admirable in the Queen; but that was most admirable, that her Beauty served not, but commanded the Beauty of Art. That rule failed in her of beautified Arts, That the more they are Adorned, the less they Delight.

The artificial Lights could not be so powerful as to darken the Rayes of natural Brightness. In vain the Stars in a serene Night put themselves in order to dazle the Moon.

At

At last the Bridle of their Tongue being given them, an Encomium with a very low humming began to sound among them, which (resembling an amorous Bee) went about, producing in the ears of this and that Lady an Affection of Honey. They contended all gladly in exercising their Fancies on that Beauty, whose Fancies by too Fatal a Decree were onely reserved for *Selencus*.

They said *Demetrius* was Happy, because he was Father to so fair a Princess; they said *Stratonica* was Glorious, because she was daughter to so renowned a King.

Her Beauty added Splendor to his Arms, and his Arms augmented the Fame of her Beauty.

Fila was invoked and envied together for the Fortunat'st Woman then living, and onely was pitied for her dear Daughters distance.

These and such like things were quietly muttered and thought on by the Ladies; when the Queen aware of their Conceits, and unwilling to hear her self praised (though it were but with a thought) broke the thread of their discourse, and began now with one, now with another, to speak of several things.

In the meantime the Sergeants which assisted at the Banquet, came in to inform them that all things were ready. At that saying the Queen rose up, desirous peradventure now at last to feed her amorous eyes with the dear sight of her beloved *Antiochus*. All the Ladies rose up with her, and while they were Complementing together about precedence in going, a Page came to the Queen to give

give her notice, that *Seleucus* staid to speak with her in the Chamber. *Stratonica* fained to go away about some other occasion, and suddenly went thither, where her old husband like a yong Lover attended her.

So fine without telling me any thing ? So Glorious without first of all acquainting your *Seleucus* with your Bravery ? Ah ! what see I ? What Deity transports me ? And here making of his Arms an animated Chain about the Neck of his beloved, he kissed her with such ardency, that the kiss (as it were changing Nature) seemed an offence. *Stratonica* re-kissed him many times, more moved I believe with Compassion then Love, and gave him this answer : My Beauty (my Lord, if it be so that I am beautiful) aims at nothing else but your Pleasure. These gay Dressings (whose greatest Art is Negligence) may onely call happy the Day that they are not neglected by you. If I had dared to have called you this morning a spectator to that Theater, where your Majesty (it seems) is pleased to be Conquered by my Weakness, my Joy would have been much more pleasing to me then any till now I have felt.

These words she intermingled with kisses, perhaps with them as with so many Seals to authenticate her sayings, or to equal with number what she failed of in the quality of her kisses to her husband.

He thinking of no other Contentment, would have willingly entertained himself with that Pleasure, if *Stratonica* telling him that the Ladies staid for

for him, had not hastned him to dinner.

The Room appointed for the Feast was very large: the Roof glittering with leave-works of Gold, lost its esteem in the value of the Mettle, because it surpassed it in the richness of the work.

The Furniture was so Stately, that the Walls in a maner grew proud, that on them hung the Pensils greatest Glories, and the famousest Labors of the Shittle. The Eye dazled with the Tissues, and amazed with the Silks, knew not which Beauty first to admire. The doors at which they went in, and were two, were seen guarded by two Wings of Halbardiers very proudly appavelled. The shining Irons which they brandished in their hands, were so many glittering Tongues, giving notice with terror that there was the Majesty of a King.

Selencus and *Stratonica* entered in severally, and almost together; he accompanied by *Antiochus*, and his Courtiers, she attended by the Ladies, and her own Maids of Honor.

The Provision, the Musick and Odours, so subverted the Senses of all that went in with a three-fold Confusion of Pleasure, that every one was dubious for a time, and unable to determine if what he saw and heard was a Dream or a Truth.

Unhappy *Antiochus*; and what a Glorious Scene is prepared thee by Fortune, to exercise the Acts of thy unfortunate Love?

When *Selencus* had saluted all the Ladies, and the Queen, and ended his Ceremonies with the Lords, who received one another with various demonstrations of affection, he commanding a Silence in all, began thus to speak.

Princes

Princes, Ye cannot be ignorant of the News spread this morning in this Court, of the fortunate successes of the King my Father-in-law. I unable by the shortness of a morning to demonstrate greater joy, have invited you all to dine with me, that ye rejoycing with me for the growth of that Crown, we may drink to his health.

May it encrease, answered all; and with that they heard a harmony of musical Instruments, which beginning a rare Tune, they sang a certain Song used at the triumphs of Princes.

In the mean time a deluge of Dishes overflowed the Table, in which, as in so many Silver Sepulchers the Meats were brought interred, which had for their Sawces exhausted *Arabia* and the *India's* of their Spices.

He that knows not the Delights of the sumptuous Feasts of *Asia*, which boast to devour in a Bit the value of a Kingdom, cannot conceive in his minde the least part of the greatness of this Feast.

In such a rejoycing, who is able to imagine with what softness the Hearts of the two enamored Princes dissolved? They, divided by their old Rival (who loved no less passionately then they did) beheld one another, and discoursed together, being so much the less taken notice of, by how much the more they saw themselves assisted by the Kings continual Presence.

Love is the greatest Philosopher in the world; He can transmute Substances without altering the Accidents. These two Lovers change Subjection into Liberty, and no body perceives it, because

no body can believe so bold a Change.

Man securely makes use of Excess, when the Excess is come to a certain kinde of Eminence, which makes it incredible.

The Pleasures of *Antiochus* would have been more delicious, if his Father had been absent; but his Father being present, if they were not more delicious, they were at least more frequent: What they wanted in the Quality, they could make up with Number, since it is fatal in this world to have any thing perfect.

While the glad Guests in that maner expected to satisfie themselves with all the Pleasures which could be administred to them by the delights of a Royal Feast, one of the Princes (turning his looks by accident, to behold a Picture done by *Apelles*, where *Tereus* cut out the Tongue of *Philomene*) gave occasion to the King of commending it greatly. Thence passing from the discourse of the Picture to *Philomenes* singing, and from one Song going to another, the King commanded *Gelmindo* to sing.

Gelmindo was then the famousst Musitian of that Age. As soon as he had heard the Kings command, he stood thinking what to sing to please them most; when a very fair Lady called *Aurinda*, one of the Guests, said, *Gelmindo* knew some Verses made by I know not what Poet, in order to *Apelles*, when he was in love with *Campaspe*. The King hearing of it (and all being curious to hear them) commanded they should be sung presently.

Every one being silent, *Gelmindo* began to prepare

pare the attention of their mindes by tuning the Strings of an *Arabian Cittern*. Then drawing from the bottom of his Breast, a long but sweet Voyce, he caus'd a chilness to run up and down in the bones of the Auditors, which making their hair stand an end, and uncolouring their Cheeks, drew tears in many to the Confines of their Eyes.

The *Preludium* represented the gushing of a Wave, which carrying on its back the soul of him that heard it, while it ran now high, now low, now swift, now slow, made it really appear that even in Musick Tempests are not wanting to Shipwrack a Heart.

The Verses were these. They were admirable in their own language, but being transformed, have lost very much by the traduction of their own native beauty.

*Burn, and consume, burn wretched Heart,
Unhappy in extreems thou art :
If dying looks serve not thy turn,
To say, I for Campaspe burn.
From thoughts enflam'd pale Colours fume
Into the face, and it consume.
O my poor heart, what charms thee so,
That thy afflicted face can't shew
Thy death, nor tell who murders thee ?
Yet wilt thou still a Lover be ?
Who hides Campaspes eyes, that she
(Whom I adore thus) cannot see
How thou for her art made a prey
To sorrow, and dost pine away ?*

*O foolish custome, and vile use
Of Silence ! he deserves no truce,
Nor peace to his just grief, who is
In pain, and will not say 'tis his.
Apelles so (who for love groan'd)
Himself unto himself bemoan'd,
But durst not practise what he thought
In his conceit fit to be taught.*

Gelmino went on, and at last concluded his Song by telling them, That *Alexander* pitying *Apelles*, with an inimitable act of Liberality, depriving himself of her gave him *Campaspe*.

The Lovers beheld one another many times, and blushed at the Sense of those Verses. The Signification of what he sung was as admirable as the Song it self. A thousand times both the one and the other reproved with their Eyes the cowardize of their Hearts. And lamenting much the time, which they had so unprofitably let slip, they encouraged themselves to perform with all study, what the musical Orator without any study had perswaded them to.

When the Feast was ended, divers sorts of Games and Pastimes (agreeing with the Majesty of a King) were introduced for the entertainment of the Guests. With these and the Musick, which played from time to time, they at last brought that day to a period, which for the many accidents that happened to *Stratonica* and *Antiochus* was eternally Memorable.

Leave being given to the Ladies and Lords to

go away, every one retired to bed. *Antiochus*, like one passing from the Active to the Contemplative life, began there to ruminate on the whole order of the Pleasures he had enjoyed. The sighs which intermissively came from his soul, and the softness into which he felt his heart dissolve, can only be described by him, who is as he was, A passionate Lover.

Stratonica did the same, and perhaps with more piercing resentments, as she who more sensibly than *Antiochus* was acquainted with amorous Delights.

The Hearts of these two Lovers were united, their bodies disjoyned. The walls of the Chambers too far distant the one from the other, were the cause of this bitter divorce. Their nocturnal studies aimed at nothing else but to joyn too their bodies. To see that both the one and the other shewed the same desire in the actions of the day, made them both hope that the effect would shortly follow. But many days passing away (though in them many fair opportunities were offered them) they never discovered their Passions.

Fortune and Chance (esteemed by the Ancients as Gods) playing with these two Lovers, gave them occasion of crediting more their Deities. They often reduced the Prince and the Queen to that condition, that one moment only was wanting to them to render them happy.

Of what great importance is a Moment? *Stratonica* expected, and with reason, that *Antiochus* would have begun. *Antiochus* not daring so much, thought *Stratonica* would have spoken the first.

Losing

Losing in this maner their time, and driven back with that extream, which onely with a word they could have overcome, they precipitated themselves into a Sea of a thousand strange Misfortunes.

The lamentations (which one without the knowledge of the other made of his condition) are incredible to him who is not a Lover.

Stratonica now accustomed to bewail her unfortunate love, used often to retire into her Chamber, to extinguish that Fire with her Tears, which (because it was concealed) seemed to her the more violent.

Licofronia had first noted many days the paleness of her Queen, and argued with her self, that those colours could proceed from nothing else but an amorous Feaver. She therefore observed her proceedings, and perceived at last that she was in love with *Antiochus*.

The strangeness of the Case seemed no less temerarious then horrible to her. Howsoever, being wise she would not believe it, till she first had had such a counter sign as was capable of freeing her from all doubt. It seemed to her no little offence against the honesty of a Princess, but to think her dishonest.

Great Persons have always advantage in the esteem of being good, as if the opinion of men was affraid to measure the height of their Fortune, with any other rule but that of Goodness.

One day in the end as Fortune would have it, *Licofronia* hapned unawares to hear behinde a Hanging, a very sad complaint made by *Stratonica*.
She

She was about to go help her, being unable to endure, to see her own Heart distil in flowing Tears at the Eyes of the Queen. But she heard a low voice pronounce twice the name of *Antiochus*.

At that saying, the wise Matron listned more attentively, and stood a while fixed, to see if she could understand the sense of the words which the afflicted Queen uttered. But her Sorrow occasioning an alternate change in her voice, which sometimes was low, and sometimes clear, her words (ere they came to *Licofronia's* Ears) died among the multitude of her Sobs. She perceived howsoever that *Stratonica* lamented *Antiochus* his cruelty, in that he complied not with her Love in the maner she desired.

Licofronia's amazement was so great, that it almost made her swoon. Being a little returned to her self, she was about to run distracted into the Chamber, to reprove the Queen sharply, and tell her how much she had degenerated from the Vertue of that Blood which (when she was a Childe) she had sucked from her Breasts. But remembring her self, that the Remedies of the Minde were not to be applied in the fervor of Passion, she forbore then that Office, which onely to her as to a Mother was due in all Reason.

She therefore retired to bewail the disasters of a Daughter, in whom an amorous flame had obscured all the splendor she had formerly purchased in the time of her breeding.

The Water of those Tears quenched not the Desire of correcting her, but swelled and encreased it.

it in that maner, that she resolved to do it with all speed.

Having therefore one day found a fit opportunity, and gotten *Stratonica* into a Chamber, she began first of all to speak gently unto her, by putting her in minde with what diligence she had always served her, and how affectionately loved her. Then she shewed unto her, that as the Affection and Service she professed to her, obliged her to be glad for the excellent Qualities, and gallant Behavior that she saw in her; so on the other side they forced her to mourn, and reprove her, in case she had committed any fault. Then speaking more plainly unto her, she told her (and not without anger) what she had discovered concerning her love to *Antiochus*; and raging as she spake, represented to her how enormous it was in a Woman, to have her Heart revolt to any Love, but what was prescribed her by Chastity. Deploring at last her own evil fortune, she a thousand times cursed that Destiny, which had brought her to see so much shame in a Daughter, whom rather then her life she had preserved.

While *Licofronia* spake, The Authority of her Reason, and the Force of Modesty (which lightned in her Countenance with the brightness of Terror) made her appear in the Eyes of the Queen more then a Woman.

She presented before the Tribunal of her own Conscience, and feeling her self accused as guilty of Incest, had no cloak but that of Shame to cover her Defects.

Her

Her Sorrow was the greater in the act of her Repentance, in order to its smallness in the time that she had committed the Errors.

When the good Nurse had ended, *Stratonica* (who had tryed with how many Stings a Heart is transfix'd, that is not armed with the Breast-plate of Innocence) answered her droopingly, and half dejected in this maner :

Mother, the love you bear me, needs no testimony. Any notice of it is too much, since the length of time, and variety of Occasions in which it hath been exercised, have had the power to authenticate it so, that there is no doubt of it. I know that this Love, and the Milk you have given me, give you a priviledge to treat me in this maner, otherwise neither you, nor any in the World durst have had so much boldness. But alas, what answer shall I give thee ? To remember my self I am a Queen, makes me not forget, that a lye must not be found in the tongue of Princes. If I should deny to thee my Love to *Antiochus*, I should injure my Condition, and deride thy Prudence. I confess my Error ; for I confess it, I know, not to a Judge that hath Authority to judge me, but to a Master that hath power to correct me. I will not excuse my fault, by attributing that to the force of the Stars, which hath been the meer election of my Will. It is true, that (I know not by what power) I have felt my self often inclined to this Love, but if I had resisted it, what could have tyrannized over my Will ? The fault is wholly mine, I alone have made the Net, in which my Reputation and Honor

K

have

have been caught in the Passage. These Tears which I shed (though they dropped from my Eyes for the space of an Age) would not have water enough to cleanse my Offence. The Stains of Honor can onely be washed with blood. I know I deserve all correction; I know that none living should to me be a crueller tormentor then my self: But since (to save my Honor) no other chastisement is expedient to my Person, but what my own Sorrow does give me, be contented, O *Licofronia*. Leave me not a prey to my Sense in that maner, lest falling into despair I lose all my Senses. Permit me to say (to preserve me alive) That the Age of *Antiochus*, the Prince, is more suitable to mine, then the Kings my Husband. The Comeliness of his Presence, his Lovely Behavior, and Courteous Conversation, would have had the power to inflame the chastest Breast. Let this be of Comfort to me (though a weak one) That since I have known him, and loved him, never any word (but what was honest) passed between us, nor act, but what was decent. He rather still carried himself so severe and even towards me, that ever since I loved him (cruel as he was) I could never come to know if he loves me or no.

These last words of *Stratonica* were expressed with a Countenance, which (even in the midst of her Torments) had the power to sparkle a brightness of amorous fire towards her *Antiochus*.

When Women once come to a certain height in Love or Disdain, which surpasses their Reason, they no longer are able to verifie the saying, That they

they are more subtle than men in concealing their Affections.

Licofronia assured by so great a Contrition, that *Stratonica* would no more relapse into sin, wept pitifully at her Sorrow. She comforted her as a Mother, and encouraged her as a Nurse. She gave her much Advice, but desired her above all things, to avoid as much as possibly she could the Conversation and Presence of *Antiochus*.

Love is, my Daughter (she said) among other Vices, as the Lyon among salvage Beasts. All others are conquered by encountering and resisting them, this onely is conquered by flying either from it, or throwing our selves on the Earth. Man, like *Antaus* in wrestling with this strong *Hercules*, while with the memory of his own vileness, he touches the Earth, is never overcome; but as soon as he suffers himself to be exalted by vanity, is choaked.

The Queen admonished and encouraged, went to her usual Lodgings with some black and blew prints in her Eyes caused by weeping.

Many hours had not passed, but it being towards the Evening, *Antiochus* (who longed to see her) according to his custom came to visit her.

That trouble (I know not how to call it) which he was aware of in her Countenance, was a Proeme to the approaching Disasters which invaded him first. Being before her, and bowing unto her, the Queen did salute him with so languishing a smile, that she in its weakness expressed the sickness she had suffered.

The Prince astonished at those alterations, and

feeling his spirits fail him, fate down, not as he used to do at other times, but out of necessity. And when he had rallied together some reliques of that Spirit which before had deserted him, he said something to her, rather to sound the Foard of *Stratonica's* Favor, then out of a desire (by reason of his Grief) to discourse.

The Queen answered him as severely as she could, without offending the respect that was due to the Prince, and swerving from her promises made to *Licofronia*.

To hear her speak without her accustomed sweetness, and see her look without her usual Affection, so affrighted the heart of *Antiochus*, that he was about to cry out aloud; but the violence of his Sorrow (which was ready to speak) was entertained with the presence of *Licofronia*, who came thither on the sudden.

When the good Lover had bethought himself, and assembled some strength from his generous Minde (which accompanies still royal Blood) he looked cheerfully, and composed so his Countenance, that no body perceived his alteration.

Stratonica no less subtile then he in concealing her Passions, at the coming of the Nurse (to cause no admiration in her) disarrayed her self of that rigor with which she was apparel'd, while she was with *Antiochus* alone, and began to discourse now with him, now with her, with her usual Sweetness and Courtesie.

The Prince perceived those Arts, and was very glad of them, hoping that the cruelty which his
Queen

Queen had expressed to him, either proceeded from meer Capriciousness, or was bred of a Desire to make tryal of his Constancy.

Being afterwards departed with her usual License, he employed himself in thinking, if by chance he had any ways deserved the disdain which his Queen shewed to him. His Sighs were many, his Compunctions great, and his Discourses to himself not concise. But afterwards finding for many days together, that when *Stratonica* was alone, she still kept her self on her guard, but when they were in company, she used the forementioned dexterity, the unfortunate Prince began to lose all hope.

His sorrows become Gyants, so tyrannized over his minde, that he sometimes was almost distracted. Knowing therefore the imminent danger not onely of his Life, but his Honor, he resolved to provide for himself all the remedies which seemed to him the best to remove *Stratonica* from his Heart.

He first of all therefore fell to reading certain Books of *Calisthenes* of the Contempt of the World, that by them, as by so many Counsellors (because he was diffident to discover his passions to any) he might receive advertisements and means to despise all terrestrial affections, and use contemplation, by help of which onely a man may make himself very happy on earth.

His Minde being plunged in this kinde of reading, he considered oftentimes the Nature of a Woman, and how subject to frailty; why the intellect of man (that is of so noble and so sublime a Nature)

ture) should abandon it self in that maner, as to lose the best operations of its faculty in tracing a Woman.

Being encouraged many times with such like thoughts, he fell (in *Stratonica's* absence) to neglecting of her Qualities and Beauty; so fortifying himself in those Speculations, that he thought he then had courage enough to oppose the power of her Presence.

But afterwards having occasion of seeing her, in order to the accidents of the Day, the unfortunate Prince ravish'd with beholding the Majesty of that Face, and the lightning of those Eyes, changing himself wholly in a moment, said aloud to himself,

Alas, who would not understand it for a happiness, to lose his life for one of thy looks? Who onely to see thee (dearest soul) would not adventure all Fortune, and hazard all danger? O *Antiochus*! and hast thou the heart to neglect her? hast thou a minde that can form a thought that is not hers? ignorant man that thou art, and what torment deserves not an ingratitude like thine?

His Soul (which within him dictated those thoughts) made the Queen very fully understand his resentments by the force of his looks. But she (though she pitied him) was more sensible of her own Honor. To that end neglecting all those actions, which might seem to mollifie her towards her *Antiochus*, she sought too to make her self inexorable by Custom, where she had begun by Choice.

The Prince by this maner disconsolately living,
studied

studied how to cure the disasters of his minde (besides by the reading of Books) with much Playing and Hunting.

It is hard to relate, how pleasing he was to the company of the Courtiers, how lovely, and how much desired. He played to lose, because all gain, but that of the favor of the Queen, would have been ingrateful to him. The greatest pleasure he had in those pastimes, was to sigh. His friends supposed that he sighed for his ill Fortune, and he only sighed for Love, the effects of his cruel condition, which while he was a Lover, made him thought avaricious.

Sometimes in the middle of the thickest Woods, which *Libanus* backs, straying from the company that followed him, and lighting at the foot of a Tree, to which he ty'd his horse, he sate on the grass, and leaning his sad head on the Trunk, which doubtless was softer then *Stratonica's* Heart, washing his Cheeks with Tears, soon after he eccho'd forth Accents, which would have mov'd to pity the most pityless Tygers.

One time then among the rest, after he had wept a good while in those uncouth solitudes, he was invaded by a thought, which said thus unto him,

To what purpose bewailst so thy Fortune, and *Stratonica's* Favor, if thou knowst not by how many ways Love compasses his ends? Who assures thee that *Stratonica* shews not her self so rigid to thee, that by forcing thee to tell her what kindness she hath ever received from thee, thou mayst have the occasion to engrave thy Love in her: and why

why loſeſt ſo unprofitably thy time, and ſeekeſt the moſt ſolitary Woods to diſſolve thy ſelf with Weeping? O fooliſh, O careleſs man! Riſe, comfort thy ſelf, take Courage, encounter the Opportunity.

O ye Gods, which inhabit hereabouts, if there be any among you that hear my complaints, and pity my diſaſters, now ſhew your gentleneſs in proſpering my Deſires. Deny me not your help, O Sacred *Napea*, ye happy *Oreades* infuſe boldneſs into this Heart, which onely is too Timerous, becauſe too Amorous. I go to end my Woes, or to begin them for ever.

He had ſcarce ſaid that, but leaping on his Horſe, he impatiently rode through thoſe leavy obſcurities to finde out his attendance, and return with all ſpeed to the City, and diſcover himſelf to his Queen.

And behold, turning by the corner of a High and Precipitious heap of Stones, which made as it were the Frontiſpiece of a Landſkip-work at the foot of a great Mountain, he ſaw in the miſt of ſome buſhes a Bear fly ſlowly away. *Antiochus* follows him, and when he came near him, ſaw by his hair that was bloody, that he's hurt. He ſtraightways throws at him a Dart, which he had in his hand, with great force, and wounds him beneath the neck: The Bear groans and roars in that maner, that the eccho's thereabouts of thoſe ſilent Deſerts repeat them. His roaring was a kinde of wilde Trumpet, which called from a Grot a Shebear of that infinite greatneſs, that ſhe ſeemed a hairy mountain.

Antiochus

Antiochus had an occasion to shew there, that his sword could wound as well as his heart was wounded. He employed all the valor he had, for the two enemies before him omitted no means with their Tusks and their Paws to rob him of his life ; but Sweating and Panting often hard for the victory, he at last overcame them.

The two Beasts lying prostrate on the Earth, were a horrible Spectacle to the Eyes of all the Court, which presently came together in defence of their Lord.

The She-bear was there known by many Country people for the terror of those Woods, and the scourge of those Countreys. They related many murders done by her, they recounted many slaughters of herds of Cattel. Every one blessed the wounding Hand, and cursed a thousand times the unlucky Beasts.

The bravery of *Antiochus* was spoken of by all, and inserted in their hearts a wonderful reverence.

He commanding a fresh Horse to be brought him (after he had ordered some horse-loads of his game to be carried along) set on towards *Damascus*.

Sighs were the Heralds of his coming, and Fears the companions of his journey. The unfortunate Prince rode perpending, if by Fortune his Queen were to be appeased by the Present of those Beasts. He studied what means would be the fittest to present them unto her.

O Gods! What does not an enamored Heart ruminate ?

L

When

When he arrived at the City, the Discourses were great about the danger and the prey. The King embracing his Son, praised him modestly, and heard with much pleasure of the Lords that were with him, the Courage and Bravery he had shewn.

Great Actions have more lustre in yong men then old. To be greater in Age, is to be less in Admiration, for a great Age obliges to grave Things. Youth is so Beautiful, that even the Actions it does, learn of it beautiful Qualities.

Stratonica being come to behold *Antiochus* his game, shewed very much joy in commending him highly, and was glad on his behalf, that he had without harm escaped such a danger. Her serene Countenance, and sweet Presence, had the power to deceive a second time the unfortunate Prince. He (when he had presented her with the prey, and passed some fine Complements with her) had no opportunity of finding her alone by himself, to assure himself if truly she had left her first rigor.

But when he had a time very fit for this tryal, the Queen shewed her self to him very severe and reserved, as if that she had not been the Woman that had courted him before in that maner.

Antiochus would have spoken, and put in execution his design determind in the Wood, but had not the courage to do it. He knew very well the cruelty of his Fate, and had not the power to defend himself from it with any thing but silence.

Lovers resolutions are Mists; They condense in the absence of the party beloved, but vanish at her presence, as at the Suns rayes. The will of a Lover, like

like one that is bound, may move, but not determine actions.

The unfortunate Youth departed from his Mistress in that maner, as if his departure had been liker a flight, then a going away. He wept not, he no longer bewailed his ill fortune ; his grief was so great, that it found no more tears nor words.

Now he took a pleasure in being desperate, for onely in despair he had placed all his hopes. He desired to die, and the sooner to die, he studied how he might leave the Court. He feared that a look of *Stratonica*, would one day or other, by asswaging his torments, make them longer-lived. These things designed in his minde, made him seem pensive in the eyes of his acquaintance. His conceits and witty mirth in Conversation, forsook him, and every day they saw him more solitary and retired.

Melancholly now encamping it self in his Face, painted in his Eyes a Lead-colour, and a paleness in his Cheeks. He no longer lifted up his sight towards his cruel Mistress, for Nature had taught him not to look on what had killed him. Having lost the pleasure of Eating, and the ease of Sleep, Leanness with a horrible extenuation began to consume all his Flesh. Onely broken sighs were heard to come from him, which resembling Musket-noises, informed them with a small report, that Death now made a breach in the Rock of his Heart.

These Mutations being noted by the Court, gave matter to various Discourses and Whisperings. Every one pitied the disasters of that *Antiochus*, who not onely for being their Prince, but for being

so good and so just, to the vassallages of their Bodies, had the power to joyn that of their Mindes.

They attributed to several Causes, the Effect of this his Indisposition. Some said it proceeded from weariness and disorder, caused by Hunting; others affirmed, that it grew of some secret Witchcraft: This swore it came from his own Saturnine Complexion, and Melancholly, which in the flower of Youth uses to turn to a hectique Fever.

Stratonica, who saw in his sad Face, the Effects of an unknown disease to encrease every day, could do no less but bewail with the Tears of Affection more then Maternal, the lost Health of so dear a Son-in-law. Though she (as obliged by the Laws of Honesty) appeared externally rigorous, yet internally loved her dearest Prince more then her self.

And how could she ever hate him, who had not offended her in any thing, but in serving her too much. The amorous Queen remembred point by point all the Favors which the courteous Youth had ever done her.

O barking Remembrances (she said) ye truly upbraid my Ingratitudes to me with an eternal Reproach! But alas, what should I do? Heaven forbids me to love him as a Lover; my Honor interdicts it. I would do it howsoever, but what avails it me, if when I have done it, he hath not returned my Love? What can I expect from one who complies not with me? Ye see well, O Heavens, if I have not given him occasions, with what prejudice too to my decorum.

So

So *Stratonica* spake to her self, and bewailed her self. But *Seleucus* above all as a Father (to whom the Interest of an only Son imported the whole sum of his happiness) was afflicted in that maner, that little less then *Antiochus* he was pitied of the Court.

The good King was distracted in thinking what it was that could ever have reduced to that state his dear Son. He consulted his wisest Counsellors, he asked *Stratonica's* opinion, and above all he enquired with all diligence of the Troop of Domestiques which attended his Person, if by chance the yong Youth had committed any disorder, of which might be bred this indisposition. He would not ask him himself of it, for fear of displeasing him. He onely asked him what he had a minde to.

Every thing (my Son) is obedient to thy beck, so that thou be merry, so that thou tell me if any thing discontents thee, wherein I may give thee consolation; this Scepter can have no greater Glory, then to be employed for thee. And of what use would this Scepter be to me without thee? Alas, it can do me no pleasure, unless it be supported by thy right hand. All my hopes hang on the thrid of thy life; Have then a care of thy self, O dearest *Antiochus*! Thou seest that at the very same time thou hast a care of me too.

So spake the disconsolate *Seleucus*, and could hardly forbear weeping.

The Prince, who long had desired occasion to beg leave of his Father to depart from the Court, having the opportunity to effect his desire, returned this answer:

Sir,

Sir, What it is that I feel, I know not. I know very well that I am not the cause of this my diseases Effect. No discontent afflicts me, but that which proceeds from your Majesties Affliction. My indisposition I hope will not encrease, and perhaps the change of Air would do me much good, if your Majesty were so pleased. I am of opinion, that the Air of *Laodicea* would help me very much, as well for the beauty of the Scituation, as the Curiosity I have to see a City built after your minde, of which I hear wonders. But I would not have with me there the Court; My pleasure would be to go thither onely with those Lords which would please most your Majesty.

I am most willing (replied *Seleucus*) to let thee go to *Laodicea*, and I will send thee with that Honor that is fit for thy Person. But why (dearest Son) art unwilling to have me go with thee? Who better then I can have a care of thy ease, and provide for thy necessities? And why wouldst thou at any time desire me to suffer by staying far from thee when thou art sick? I will come then likewise, and my coming shall not displease thee.

But *Antiochus* replying (that he requested him to let him go alone, and that there was no such danger in his sickness, that required the Person of his Majesty; and that if he went, he would consequently draw after him all the dispatches and affairs of the Kingdom, so that instead of enjoying a calm tranquillity, he should be subject to the Tumults of that concourse of People which always the Court carries with it) so prevailed, that the
King

King was somewhat satisfied, and said he would consider a little of this resolution, and do afterwards what he should be advised to for the best.

So they continued, and *Seleucus* fell presently to ordering those things which seemed to him necessary, not onely for the conveniency, but the delight of a voyage, and his abode in the City.

He first of all ordained so ample and numerous a Court, that it envied not the greatest Eastern Kings. He allowed the Prince Gentlemen, Overseers and Counsellors. He declared him supream Governor of the Province and City of *Laodicea*. He sent Letters to *Doride*, a Castle seated on the bank of the River *Licus*, That they should have in readines with all speed five and twenty convenient ships, for from thence to *Laodicea* they were to sail on the said River. He then selected forty men famous in all Professions to give him entertainment, and cause him to spend vertuously his time. He gave him *Hermogenes* and *Carneades* the best Physicians of the Kingdom, to the end that they should be continually assistant to his Person; and lastly he made him a stately and an abundant provision of Moveables and Moneys.

He then frequently consulted the chiefest of the Court, if he should let *Antiochus* go alone, or rather accompany him and assist him. It was decreed that since *Antiochus* desired to go alone, his desire should not be crost, lest his sickness should grow worse. That therefore two Posts should always be kept going to give the least notice of his health.

Antiochus

Antiochus in the mean time (like one that is condemned to dye) when he heard any noyse in order to his journey, felt his blood freize, and his Vital strength fail him. He would have departed alone with his Fancy, and willingly have staid with his Body to adore Her that hated Him.

These desires passed through his minde, but made no stay there. As soon as he perceived them, he did a thousand contrary actions, and compelling the very same desire, reduced it to desire his departure with violence.

O Tumults, so much the fiercer and more to be deplored, by how much they are heard to make a noyse in the Republick of the Heart! So it comes to pass, that he makes a War with his Senses to tame them, who because he hath been too indulgent to them, comes to lose the dominion he had over them.

Antiochus looked sometimes in the glass, not to court his Face, but to see in his Countenance, as it were in a living Dyal, what Figure the hours of his Life were still at.

To see buried his lively Looks in the double grave of his concenter'd Eyes, and perceive in the barrenness of the mountainous place of his meager Jaws the freshness of his Cheeks, caused (it cannot be denied) in the unfortunate Lover those Motives of sorrow which Nature cannot choose but be sensible of, when she sees her self decay by little and little. But drawing from the centre of weakness that force, which is the inseperable companion of a generous Minde, he joyfully smiled at the sight of
of

of his miserable Image, comforting himself not a little, that from the yellow colour of his face, he argued that his Death began to vary.

The Physicians hastned his departure to change Air, for they every day saw him irrecoverably grow worse. He himself (because he knew he went to die, and desirous to die as soon as he could) solicited the necessary things, though he could scarce stand on his Legs.

At last the day before that of his journey being come, he was not wanting to disquiet himself at the rising of the Sun, which enlightned (to speak so) the vigil of his death.

He made himself remember, how that Light was the last which he should ever see under his Fathers roof. And as one who was sensible in his Heart that he was dying, he called all the Family to him, which served him in the Court, to every one of whom (as it were in the nature of a Will) he began to bequeath Moneys and give Rewards.

Both Sexes wept bitterly with a melting Affection, to see with what love their afflicted Prince, by dispensing his gifts, took his leave of them.

That day all the Court was as sad, as if one of the greatest of the Kingdom had been dead.

Seleucus, the poor King (although it mis-became his royal Grace) could not forbear weeping in that common Affliction.

The Cup of an Eye is too narrow a Vessel to retain the Tears which the grief for a Son does afford.

His Physicians and Friends were not wanting to

M

comfort

comfort him, and perswade him to the hopes of his recovery and welfare; but he either resolved not to give credit to their Promises, or had not the patience to expect the Fruits of them.

Now the amorous Prince had spent all the day in taking his leave of his Friends, and the Ladies. He was onely to be dismissed by his Father, and his fair cruel Mother. But knowing that both the one and other would accompany him the day following a little way out of *Damascus*, he retired into his Lodgings no less weary of what he had done, then dejected with melancholly.

There the unfortunate Prince recollecting well himself, fell a thinking in what a sad condition he was; and when he had been a good while immovable, he brake out sighing :

Go to poor *Antiochus*; this is the last Evening;
Be thankful to the Gods for all the favors they
have done thee. The continuation of thy life hath
been an effect of their Clemency, not the fruit of
thy Merit. Be glad that thou art born a Prince,
that thou hast been the Son of *Seleucus*, that to in-
herit his Crown, Heaven had made thee onely.
Rejoyce that thou hast lived in *Stratonica's* time,
that she hath been thy Mother, that thou hast served
her as a Mistress; such happineffes could never con-
tinue in any supposed mortal. It is no wonder there-
fore that thou art dying so opportunely. Thou
diest beloved of all but *Stratonica*; and thou diest
innocent, unless for the offence committed against
thy Father. Howsoever it is no little Consolation
to a pious Son, to purge with death a fault done
onely

only in Thought. Go to Walls, farewell; farewell paternal Roofs, I shall never more see you again.

When he had said so, feeling his Eyes fill with tears, to deprive himself likewise of the comfort which weeping might afford him, he took a Harp into his hands, on whose strings (singing so often with *Stratonica*) he had woven the Net for his own dear Liberty.

The Strings sounded so sadly at the touch of his Fingers, that it seemed (they mourning too) were desirous to sing the Obsequies of their Princes dead Felicities.

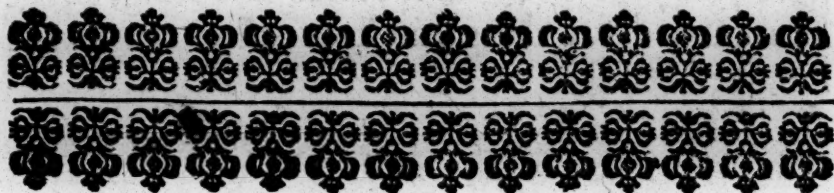
Even in those dry Nerves of the resounding Wood, *Antiochus* his Disasters had the power to infuse a mourning Quality.

When he saw he no longer was able to struggle with Nature, he looked up towards Heaven, and with an Action, even comely in Sorrow, let fall some tears so great and heavy, that it seemed they came from a Countrey where Grief was in abundance. Thence allured with the pleasure that is found in weeping, he fell to singing in this maner :

Pour out, pour out sad Eyes your tears
By hundreds, and by thousands too,
To the last torments all th' arrears
Of every drop of Sorrow's due.
Now since the haughty sparks of Fire
Must cover'd with the Asbes be
Of Death; Eyes ere ye have desire
To die, and hence depart, first see
That ye at last your old course take,
And of your selves two Rivers make.

When he had ended his Song, and recovered his Bed, he was invaded in the night by a gentle Feaver. Behold unhappy *Antiochus* the beginning of thy death. The Physicians which thought in the Morning to cause him to be gone, finding him so altered, changed presently opinion, and informing the King of it, his departure was deferred till a better opportunity.

The



The third Book.



Ntiochus by this Feaver felt no less his desire to inflame towards Death, then his Blood to Corruption. As many strokes of his Pulse as he observed to reverberate on his Arm, so many advices he seemed to receive of the ruine of his own *individuum*. The wretched Prince remembered not himself to be Feaverish without Joy, because his Miseries were at that pass, as they made even his Feaver seem a Happiness to him. *Selencus* therefore seeing the dangers to encrease, and the hopes of his Sons health to fail him, found no courage in his Breast to manage the resentments he had of them.

The unfortunate King sate like an aged *Heraclitus*, to bewail in the dark corner of a Chamber the Miseries of humane Mutability. His tears were witnesses of that Sorrow, which made an Artificer in his Minde, caused him to see a Crown turned into a Coffin. Poor *Selencus*, and who would not have

have pitied the Tears in the Eyes of a King, while he mourned for the greatest occasion that can be mourned for.

Tears mis-become the face of a man, for they being the sweat of the Heart, a man should not seem to have so soft a Heart, that can thaw it self into Water. But if ever we may weep, we can never weep better then for that life's loss, on whose being depends the Command of a Kingdom. It is a sweet thing to live, and by living to reign.

The Grief of the Courtiers receiving its nourishment from Disasters of that kinde, many of them seemed so concerned in the King his Misfortunes, that affecting a Sorrow in their Faces, they forced themselves in a maner to vanquish *Selencus* in Tears.

It is truly deplorable in a Prince, to see that in a time of his Adversity, he hath not a Countenance about him, with whose serenity he may chear up in some sort his own Sadness. It seems fatal in a kinde for all to seem feignedly sad, because that adulation which makes him proud in Joy, increases his torment when he is in Affliction.

Stratonica, who had by *Licofronia's* perswasions (so frequently as aforesaid retreating from Love) been cruel to her *Antiochus*, when she saw him extended on a Bed, and languishing among the flames of a gentle Feaver, thought her self most surely the Murtherer of her Dear. Thence often repenting her self, that she had with too much Obedience observed the Precepts of a barbarous old Woman, cursing her own Credulity, and the others Severity, she

she bewailed with Tears surpassing Bitterness, the disgusts she had caused to her Prince, and swore to her self to omit no occasion, whereby she might assure him of her Love, which missed of its purpose. But seeing that the Sorrow which had not joyned to it some means of assistance, was too bitter of it self, and too unprofitable to the sick Prince, forbearing her Tears, she fell with a courage derived from *Demetrius*, to seeking of Comforts for her Husband, and finding out Remedies for her Son-in-law. It is impossible to describe the sweet words, the lovely Countenance, and compassionate Looks, with which I imagine to my self she sought to encourage *Seleucus* at that time: Fortunate King, to whose Consolations were designed the finest Pleasures which the Loves of a *Stratonica* had the power to instil. How much envied would he have been, if at a less rate then *Antiochus* his sickness, he could have bought the pity of so beautiful a Queen?

The Physicians called together to a Consult, their Opinions were as various as their Discourses. Their difference in the knowledge of the Quality, made infinitely increase the quantity of Causes, to which they did attribute the disease of *Antiochus*. Every one of them studied to overcome his Companion in Opinion, because by this means he hoped to overcome him in Essence; but they were not aware that on the Being of the Physician, the Prince his not Being depended.

Stratonica and her Husband assisted at this kinde of inquiry, not as Kings, but guilty Persons; because

cause for their love to *Antiochus*, they might say they assisted at the tryal of their lives. And indeed, as guilty, they grew pale at every saying, and blushed at every motion of that Colledge, which (resembling a criminal Wheel) was come to that pass, to have even Authority over the life of the Prince.

No man more participates of extreams then a Physician; He (if we may speak like a meer Philosopher) is a God or a Devil. If he cures with Foundation, and makes well, the World is not able to reward him; if he kills temerariouly, it cannot enough punish him. When he gives an assurance of Life, every one cryes up his Fame; when he happens to kill, even the Earth hides his faults. He can never want Happiness, for either as Vertuous he's exalted, or as Vicious not suppressed.

After long debates, *Hermogenes* and *Carneades* dissenting the one from the other, disputed it fiercely. This would have *Antiochus* to be sick of a Hectique Feaver, that to be Bewitched.

This discord of the Physicians being divulged through *Damascus*, gave matter of Discourse to the Idle, and of Revenge to the Malicious.

The Reader may imagine what health that must be, poor *Seleucus* hoped for to the Prince his disease, while by the Physicians uncertain Contention, he foresaw the sick Princes certain death. His condition seemed the more deplorable, by how much being forced to endure his Sons Murther, he was to approve of his intention that killed him.

Stratonica in the meantime, watching like an *Argos* how to comfort her beloved sick Prince, counselled

counselled the King to have him removed to a Palace without the City called *Elysium*. She (though she did not fully comprehend the quality of his sickness) perceived that *Antiochus* was mortally Melancholly, and that therefore that Pallaces situation could not choose but give great ease to his sorrows.

Elysium is a Place, which now humbling it self in fallowed Plains, now proud in well husbanded Hills, marries barren Woods to cultivated Villa's, and joyns neat Gardens to elaborated Fountains. There, as in a Frascati at *Rome*, or a Sampierdarena at *Genoa*, the greatest Rulers of *Soria* dwelling in the Country in the Summer, Pallaces are seen, which resembling the tallest sons of Architecture, with their Gyant-like Roofs wage an innocent war with the Stars, and causing Admiration to tumble down headlong from the height of their Fabricks, make dreadful in a maner their Beauty.

Nature, that hath constituted an Air to this place where the Spring is perpetual, seems that with reason she will always have that soyl enamell'd with flowers, which is destined for the Garden of the world. Now there on a hill covered with the pleasantest verdure that can be represented in any Dutch Tapistry, the Kings house was built.

To describe a Pallace is to petrifie a Pen. Let it therefore suffice to say of it, That Nature hath not hardned any Marble, nor refined Jewels, nor burnished Gold, but for this house's Structure. The Pillars seem onely to be made to cause Admiration, the open Galleries to assemble Magnificence, and

the Statues to civilize the Stones. The Halls eccho for their vastness, the Chambers glister with Riches, the Cabinets are proud of the Ornaments they have, and every thing in fine is Majestick, every thing infuses a reverence.

Antiochus being removed to this Place, the King delayed not to come thither with all the Court. There was a Gentleman lately arrived in *Damascus*, who boasted of *Cyprus* for his Country, and was called *Climenes*. He, versed in many Tongues, and experienced in the Customs of several Nations, seemed to have travelled a great part of *Asia* and *Europe*, and to have seen the Courts of all the greatest Princes then living. Whereupon being infinitely capable of any employment, he was valued by all for a man of extraordinary Parts, and invincible dexterity in the affairs of the World. But as Nature had enrich'd him with the gifts of the Minde, so she had made him very inconsiderable in the qualities of the Body. For being Squint-ey'd, Toothless, and Flat-nos'd, he would doubtless have offended the eyes of all that beheld him, if the garb of a strong and well proportioned Stature, and the cheerfulness and vivacity of a Noble deportment, had not almost quite concealed in him the Deformity of his Countenance.

But he having brought some Letters to *Licofronia* from her onely Son *Alcestes*, for whose absence the poor Matron lived disconsolately, began on that account to insinuate himself into the favor of the greatest at Court; and being extreamly com-
mended

mended by *Licofronia*, who professed her self very much obliged to him, he came so to be master of *Antiochus* his affection, that he being greatly taken with this Gentlemans conversation, admitted none but him into the most intrinsecal and freest familiarity in his Chamber. The Prince therefore one day much desiring to hear of some disaster in anothers affections, to see if the torments of others were comparable to, or surpassed his torments, spake to *Climenes* to relate something to him, in order to his love; for as much as that he being (for ought he could see) placed under a great, but not altogether fortunate condition, he imagined that his adventures could not without wonder be heard, nor pitied without pleasure.

Climenes, who encountered with all earnestness the desires of the Prince, to fasten the surer himself in his Favor, returned him this answer, That he refused not to obey him in this, as he had always done in every thing else; he onely considered, that the accidents of his love (although they exceeded the limits of an ordinary Fortune) were not so considerable to deserve a Princes hearing. That therefore the Relation which his Highness supposed might occasion him half an hours pastime, would doubtless prove to him a day of vexation. But *Antiochus* renewing his instance, made *Climenes* begin in this maner:

Since your Highness will have me relate the greatest torment that ever I have suffered for Love, you must know, that scarce I had entered into the fourth lustre of my Age, but a malignant Feaver (I

know not by what means) having seized upon me, had almost epitomized my life in a sigh. My Father (who onely in me numbered all his Progeny) being inseperable from those Feathers, of which he thought my breath could make it self Wings to fly to the other World, made his sorrow the more to be pitied, by how much my disease was esteemed the more dangerous.

But the flame now burning within all my bowels, had so dried up my Palate, that my Tongue deprived too of that little humidity which makes it fit for motion, was not onely unable to speak, but inflexible likewise. I was more oppressed with Thirst then the Feaver; and my Fortune to make me sufficiently unhappy, when it had painted in my Fancy all the cool Waters that I had ever seen to gush out of the earth, offered me to drink in the Cup of two weeping Eyes, the Tears which my old Father shed.

While I burned in this maner (the hopes of my health being abandoned before by the Physicians) a Matron, called *Mirtenia*, who dwelt near our house, shewed such skill in preparing me a Potion, that (my Thirst and Feaver being drowned in that draught) I found my self wholly recovered. This Favor (then which there could be none greater done to me) so obliged me to *Mirtenia*, that to visit her almost every day, and serve her in all her occasions, seemed to me very slender demonstrations of that Love which I owed her. But alas, many days had not passed, but I perceived that the drink which had plainly refreshed my body, had with all burnt secretly my heart.

I felt

I felt by little and little a Thought rising in my Minde, which continually represented to my memory the resemblance of this Lady, who was not very handsom; and joyned to the Thought I found grown a Desire, which forced me to spend the greatest part of my time in her fruitless Conversation, which I could not else endure. This Lady was a Widow, who besides her Riches and noble Birth, had an excellent Wit, which had dedicated her to the Science of Physick and Magick from her Childhood. She therefore accustomed to phantastical Humors, surmounting her Sex, and well pleased with my Shape, was very much enamored of me. And encountering an occasion by that my disease, to introduce into my Bowels with some specious pretext, the tyranny of her Desires, she raised in the Calm of that Potion a boisterous Tempest to my life. I had not long been well, but a Son of hers died, called *Sylvio*; to the Tears of whose Funeral, the eyes of her Sister, named *Gloricia*, came running.

I, who had often heard commended this Maid for a very great Beauty, in whom Nature had assembled her utmost Ability, desired much to see her. But because it is a custom among the Gentlewomen of *Cyprus*, to appear in no Company but their Friends, my Curiosity was unsatisfied till she came to behold the dead Body of dear *Sylvio*. Who is able to relate what a wound that weeping Beauty then made in my Heart? Perhaps it was the pity of Love to bring it so about, that the first time I contemplated those Eyes, I should contem-
plate

plate them weeping. What would not that fire have caused in me, if as it was diminished by the moisture of her Tears, it had been augmented by the rayes of her Smiling? Her Hair being spread on the bewailed Body, shewed either that she had set at liberty the Souls she had tyed there, to the end they should run to revive him, or had offered up a treasure to Death, to the end it should not be any hinderance to his Resurrection.

But what need is there of this relation? Even the mourning attire which she had on her fair suitable Limbs, concurred in declaring *Gloricia* Beauties Queen.

I on the one side finding my self naturally inclined to love *Gloricia*, on the other knowing I was forced by a supernatural Power to wait on *Mirtenia*, was the most afflicted, and most troubled man in the World. Having therefore one day chosen a fit opportunity, I said to *Mirtenia*, That I knew very well, how she had by her Charms made me a Servant to her, to whom my Obligations, and the Favors she had first of all done me, disposed me; that it therefore seemed needless to me for her to make use of Compulsion, where my Will so many ways concurred without Artifice. And that if Loves true Happiness consisted in nothing but a natural Sympathy, how could she ever be sure to enjoy my Affection, if she could not come to know whether I freely complied with her, or by force? These Reasons, together with those Prayers which every one knows how powerful they are in his Mouth who pretends to be a Lover, so wrought in the Minde

Minde of *Mirtenia*, that she was content to disengage me from her Charms, and entreated me to promise her, to be wholly hers willingly. I answered her, That I used not by way of an Oath to binde my Will, howsoever that she might be assured, that I would not be ingrateful for the Love which she bare me.

Being freed in this maner from her Bonds, many days had not passed, but I consecrated wholly my self to the love of *Gloricia*, and presently after had the means to discover my self to be a Lover. She who had a very good Opinion of me, expected not that I should be lavish in beseeching her Favor, but granted it me at my first entreaty, and swore unto me a reciprocal good Will. *Mirtenia* was aware of our Love, insomuch, that being desperately jealous of what I had done, she endeavored by all possible means to allure me to her Love, and divert me from her Sisters.

This Gentlewoman was Lady of a Countrey called *Feacide*, in which there is a Mountain of Wonders. This dreadful for its Nature and Form, ascends (all Spungy with Rocks) so high towards Heaven, that the Eye being weary of so steepy an Ascent, abandons it often before it arrives at the top. There the horrors of Winter (as it were in their own Nest) perpetually hatching Snow, Arm with sharp Ice gasping Rocks, and cloathing (to speak so) their backs with white Weapons, with their stony points defie the Airs sharpness. Nothing else is to be seen on all the Mountain, but crusty rugged Stones, clear Stones, and precipices of
Rocks,

Rocks, among which grow thin and scattered solitary Fir-trees. Rivelets of Water run tumbling down from the snowy Summit, which foaming among the Stones by their Fraction, seem afar off to be so many Silver Selvages, which with barbarous Pomp are desirous to beautifie the rugged Mountain; at the foot of which a troubled River running, enters into a narrow passage, which runs afterwards emptying it self into a woody Plain. The noise of the Wind that lies in this Straight, together with the roaring of the Water, which breaks among the Caverns of the Channel, so fill every Heart with astonishment, that they make this place thought the habitation of Hell. Thither I was brought by *Mirtenia*, under pretence to go visit her Lands. When we were come to the Mountain, and had left the Servants we had there at the mouth of a craggy Grot, onely she and I went passing through the Straights of the Cave, into the Court of an enchanted Pallace, where I saw incredible things. When she there had refreshed me with Dainties, and most excellent Musick, she shewed me in a Room adorned all with Pictures, the resemblance of my Progeny, who being to be transplanted (as she did assure me) from *Cyprus* into the City of *Giano*, the Metropolis of *Liguria*, she desired that I should entertain my self a while in beholding the *Heroes* of that Nation, among whom I remember she commended one much, who was to be the famousst Warriour that ever should be seen; and he had these Letters engraven at his feet, *The Marquess AMBROSE SPINOLA*. More below
among

among men of a different Condition, though known well by Fame, she caused me to write in a little Book, the names of three Poets and three Painters, some of which she said would be very great Lovers of one of my Lineage. The Poets were called *Ceba*, *Chiabreta* and *Cavallo*: The Painters *Paggi*, *Borzone* and *Sarzana*.

All these things, which I thought the greatest Wonders that ever could be seen in the World, so obliged me to the love of *Mirtenia*, that albeit naturally I found not my self inclined to affect her, yet forgetting now *Gloricia*, I was willing to dispose my self openly to love her. She, who by mine Eyes, and my Countenance, began to perceive my good liking of her, continuing her kindneses to me, conducted me into another Room, where the Pictures of all the handsomest Women (that had been or were to be in the World) were exposed to view. Among them by chance turning my eye, I perceived a Ladies Picture, who was and shall be the first and last flame of my Heart, whose Eyes (although they were painted) being fastned on mine, I thought said to me, Behold me, O *Climenes*, thou knowest in what maner I was killed, and I know how much my Death hath been pitied by thee. Be confident, That albeit I am in the other World, I will not fail to love thee, as long as I shall have my Being.

How senseless I was at the Sense of those words, your Highness may imagine. My Heart had not a Vein, which converting it self into a River of Tears, ran not emptying it self at the Flood-gate

O

of

of those Eyes. *Mirtenia*, who saw me on the sudden become all a Deluge, being unable to penetrate the cause of so strange a Sorrow, anxiously asked me, What Accident had the power to alter me in that maner. But the frequent Sobs not permitting me to speak a whole word, I informed her as well as I could, That I desired to go out of that Room as soon as was possible, and out of the whole Palace likewise. I had scarce said that, but I was I know not how at the mouth of the Cave where we had left the Servants.

Mirtenia there asking me again, very earnestly, of the cause of my Weeping, I answered her onely, That this was a Disaster, which used to befall me, since I had had a very great Misfortune at the time my Mother died.

She falling to comfort me as well as she possibly could, endeavored to make me merry, and drew all her Lines to this Centre to gain my Affection. I who had engraven in the sensibleft part of my Heart, the Looks of that Picture, which had represented to my memory the Being of my Mistress, the more I saw my self made much of by *Mirtenia*, the more loathed her Love. Whereupon she perceiving my Ingratitude, when we were returned to the City, and being perswaded that all did proceed from my Love to *Gloricia*, bewitched her to Death, then killed my Father, and confined me to the straights of a Bed, where I endured such diseases both in Minde and Body, that it was an Excess of Heavens Miracles to preserve me alive.

At

At last when *Mirrenia* had seen, that I could by no means be induced to love her, she sickning of Madnes, died desperately soon after : So after many Troubles and many Moneths being recovered of my disease, hating that Climate under whose Influences so many Disasters had befalln me, I resolved to leave *Cyprus* ; and when I long had wandered through several Kingdoms, I came lastly to this Court.

This Relation was a Lecture to the Prince of the Calamities of this World. He repondering to what Miseries his Condition was subject, whose Ruines were designed by Fortune and Love, bewailed his own Disasters in the Misfortunes of *Climentes*. And when he had expressed the Consolation he had felt by knowing some success of his Life : Since (he said to himself) we must live, if Life be an hostage, why trust we Fortune with it, to give her assurance of all that which her Cruelties will have ? I before was resolved to die, to free my self from the Torments of a desperate Love : Now I am resolved not to live, to be quit of the Troubles of a pitiless Fortune. Lets die, O *Antiochus* ! what can at all adventures be hoped for of a Womans Inconstancies ? And if the flames of a gentle Feaver, and the weakness of a long Extenuation, are unable to kill us, let us adde a forbearance of Meat.

So spake *Antiochus* ; and so cunningly he prepared himself to perform his Resolutions, that hiding his determined Fast under the pretext of having no Appetite, he seemed to be pleased with

nothing, because he would not be constrained to eat any thing.

It was then the Moneth of *January* masked like *April*; whereupon all the Lords of the neighboring Pallaces, being perswaded no less by the Beauty of the Season then *Stratonica's* commands, came to dwell in *Elysium*. The Court and Conversation being multiplyed by that means, the Nobility studied nothing else, but the inventing of ways to recreate the Prince. Every one supposed that some sudden Pastime would more vigorously awake in *Antiochus* his lull'd-asleep Mirth; and that a Ball, which owed its beginning to nothing but Harmony, might mitigate with its Motions, a diseased Hearts Sorrows. But yet this Resolution was not so concealed, but it came to the Ears of the disconsolate *Stratonica*. When she heard of the leave which the Gentlemen asked him to bring their Ladies thither, going together with the King to *Antiochus* his Bed, she conferred with him about the business, and desired him to be pleased, that the Banquet might be kept in his Chamber.

He, who by the greatness of his sickness, was not so estranged from himself, as not to comprehend what degree of malignity his condition was arrived at, which made use even of Feasts for the increase of his Melancholly, when he saw that to deny his Consent was to displease his Friends, shrugged patiently his Shoulders, and intimated to the Queen, That they might do there what she pleased. Leave being obtained in this manner, the jolly Assembly delayed not to crowd themselves together within

within the Princes Room. The Ladies appeared in the most extravagant Fashion that their Glasses could advise them unto. The Gold and Gems, which by reason of the Torches blazed within their Cloaths, increased the splendor of their Faces, and took away the light from others Eyes. A sight miserably fortunate, to whose testimony even the brightness of the Lights was a Lyar. And who could with reason commend that Pomp for Beautiful, which judged to be guilty by it self, they saw tyed in Chains, and stoned with Jewels? Many of the Ladies, as enemies to mankind, being angry that Nature had not imparted that Beauty to them which they would have had, martyring with Curling-Irons their Hair, and poysoning with Sublimate their Cheeks, had resolved to kill whosoever beheld them. Now when they had taken their places in order to their Quality, they heard the Air beaten with very pleasant Musick, by a regulated Confusion of several Instruments.

A Ball is the Feets sensuality. It is raised with noise, and evaporates with weariness. Nature (that is the beginning of Motion) would not enrich the Head so with Sense, as to leave the Foot quite deprived of it. Even this takes its time to be Luxurious; neither is there any Itch that more foment's Luxury then a Ball. It can confirm Love with a fortunate Madness among its changing Motions, and unite the Will with the measure of short Distances.

The Lovers danced, being onely then happy
with

with their Mistresses, because they did exercise the Acts of Inconstancy. They might call the Dance their Benefactor, for they received not greater favors of any other action then that. To have the means of seeing, of speaking to, and touching the hand of their Mistress, they could not but esteem a great happiness; but to be bowed to by her, and invited to move to the very same Motion with her, they could not but esteem the greatest happiness.

But the Queen (who together with the King was exposed to a tryal, by sitting over against her *Antiochus*) being much more observed by *Licofroniu*, then she willingly would have been, could not feed her Eyes at Pleasure with that paleness, which rendring compassionate the Countenance of the Prince, was made the dearest Mark of her looks. Yet who can relate with what affection she sent out at that time a sprightly look, to discover by stealth in *Antiochus*, if he yet was aware, that she would not any longer make use of that severity, which for the rigid Nurses consideration, she had many times practised against him? The poor sick Prince reduced on the one side to behold himself before that Beauty, which always with too eloquent a Tongue did dictate tacite perswasions to his heart, on the other necessitated to contemplate the Countenance of his Father, who with very great compassion of his sickness, informed him how unwilling he was to offend him, did not know (though he was resolved to dye) to what determination to revolve the sum of his resolutions.

Climenes the stranger was seated at the Feast
near

near *Hermogenes*. He, whether it were by the power of Sympathy, or desire (for some secret end of his) to intrinsecate himself in the Physicians affections, had before laid with him the foundation of a very firm friendship. Being therefore asked by him, whom he saw in a brown study, What think you on (he said unto him) O *Climenes* ! are Feasts furthered with thoughts ? I thought (answered the Gentleman) that he who would aptly represent this Noble Assembly, could compare it to nothing but a perfect Sphær. Behold the *Primum mobile*, which as nearest Eternity, is constituted of a Circle of the oldest. If you ask for the Heaven of fixed Stars, see the Ring of the Yong men ; If that of the Planets, behold the Orb of the Ladies. If the Earth, behold the space where they Dance ; If the Changes of Fortune, see the Ball. And if lastly, O *Hermogenes*, you desire to see Mirth there, look on *Stratonica* ; If sorrow, behold *Antiochus*.

Indeed to have Conceits of the Stars (replied *Hermogenes*) you could not choose any other Subject but Heaven. Howsoever I wonder not, That he who has a Chrystalline Sky in his Brain, should discourse of the Sphærs as of things which he well understands.

I allow, replied the other, That I have a Chrystalline Sky in my Brain, if it be true, that the Chrystalline Sky being a Place replenished with Divinity, hath nothing for its Object but Beauty. And how is it possible for me to have no Conceits of the Stars in the Presence of so many Suns ? And when he had made here a beautiful Catalogue of
all

all those Ladies, which seemed to him to be admired above the rest, he canonized with the Authority of his own Eloquence the other Beauty's Miracles.

So they discoursed together; when a Tumult on the sudden arose which was not understood, and disordered the Feast. Every one being amazed, looked stedfastly towards the place from whence the noise came, and they saw that the Gentlemen confusedly rising up, ran towards the Bed of *Antiochus*. The Multitude encreased out of curiosity, and they asking one another what the matter was there, many knew it not, and many durst not answer them. The melodious Sounds ceased, the Ladies were affrighted, and the Hall which but newly was not capable of holding them for their Jollity and Laughing, became in an instant a Desert full of Solitude and Terror.

A Curtain was drawn, within which the King and the Queen were concealed, so as it was impossible for *Antiochus* (although he were near) to discover what it was; and soon after a sad voyce issued forth, commanding every one to go home.

So worldly Joys end. The company went away mute, Terrified and Cautious. The hours of the Night (it being then the deadeft time of Silence and Obscurity) encreased so the horror in their Mindes, that many of them thought that they should not get alive to their houses. Fear is then the greatest, when we know not what to fear.

The good sick Prince called aloud to those of his Chamber, desiring them earnestly to tell him
what

what had happened; whereupon to content him, they answered him at last, That *Stratonica* had been a little while in a swoon.

What News is this, O *Antiochus*? thy Goddeſs diſcovers her ſelf to be Mortal, and runneſt thou not to behold this Miracle? Thy Life languiſhes near death, and lyeſt thou Stupid in a lazy bed in the Arms of the Thoughts of thy frivolous Sorrows? Who's there? help to dreſs me. When the Soul is about to free it ſelf from the Boſom where Love hath imprifoned it, it is not good to keep its Body far from it. Go to, go to, O *Antiochus*, lets haſten to our dangers. But mad Man, what doſt thou? Heaven pitying thy Miſeries, opens a way for thee to happineſs without injuring thy Reſolutions, and thou Ignorant of thy own good, precipitateſt thy ſelf into thoſe Impatiences, which are undoubted prejudices to thy Modeſty. Thou haſt reſolved to dye, to behold no more *Stratonica*, and can'ſt thou not endure that *Stratonica* ſhould dye, to obtain without thy hurt the ſame end? Ah dear one, too well beloved! Ah dear one, too much abhorred!

So the poor Prince's Minde was diſquieted at the news, which could not ſtrike his Ear without paſſing to his Heart. In the mean time the rumor encreaſed in the Court. The Guards in the Palace were doubled. They ſent haſtily to *Damaſcus* for Soldiers, and gave many other ſecret Orders.

In the Morning about break of Day *Clitarcus* was carried to Priſon. He next to *Antiochus* was the neareſt of kin to the King, ſo as if he dyed with-

out Issue, *Clitarcus* succeeded in the Kingdom. This his sudden imprisonment being divulged, caused various admiration and sorrow in all. Yet all were of a minde that it was by *Arsinda's* persecution.

Arsinda was a Princess of the Blood, rich in Possessions and Opinion. Being left a Widow without any Issue but a Daughter, she resolved to live near the King, as under the shadow of a Kinsman, who could on all occasions assist her. Her Daughter grew apace, who was called *Euripia*, but grew with very little Obligation to Nature; for she had neither Beauty of Body, nor endowment of the Minde. But the Mother, who by reason of the greatness of her Birth, was extreamly Ambitious, being infinitely proud in her expressions, and of a fiery behavior, had directed her Thoughts to too sublime Marks. She knowing that *Clitarcus* might succeed to the Crown, had foolishly designed *Euripia* for his Wife; and intended so to operate in the end, that he by the death of *Antiochus* should be sure of the Kingdom.

This her design was favored, by seeing that the Gentleman insinuated himself so much into her friendship, that he almost seemed to sue for her alliance. But their ends being discovered to them both, they began to hate mortally one another. Now when Noon was past, and that the Changes at Court had been settled as well as they could, *Stratonica* came to visit *Antiochus*.

The fair Queen went in; but before she went in, what reflections made she not? The sad Queen remembred her self, that she went in to visit that sick

sick man, in whose Bosom her own Soul was Feaverish. She cared not for repressing her Passions, as she had done so many other times, because she was not fearful of her husbands arrival who kept then his bed. The Colours in her face (the lights of the Tempests in the Minde) appeared sometimes kindled, sometimes gastly, in order to the several affections with which she felt her self to be inwardly agitated. Hope taught her to make use of the opportunity of time, to discover once that Fire, which at last had reduced into Ashes her Lifes most dear Delights. Fear on the other side set before her the danger of the Action, and the Obligations of Honor. What wilt thou do, poor *Stratonica*, since the consequences of a sudden opportunity have placed thee in a straight of this nature? Shut the Eyes of thy Minde, and go as it were into the Dark, to run that hazard which Heaven hath decreed thee. So reasoning with her self, neither resolved nor yet wavering, the unfortunate Queen at last urged her self to salute her adored Prince.

What appears to thy Eyes from the space of the door, O *Antiochus*? What Sun of Beauty comes, O happy unfortunate Prince, to clear up the darkness of thy Sorrows? Thy weakness will never be able to endure the force of so many Lights.

The encounter of those first Looks caused a fainting to them both. *Antiochus* congealed not, for the heat of his Feaver did not yield to a contrary quality. Yet his forehead was besprinkled with

a cold sweat, and the Pulse of his Hand grown stupid, remained without Motion. He blushed, he became mute.

How do you Prince, began the Queen. Ah Madam, do you couzen so the sick? There's no deceit at all, be merry, replied *Stratonica*, I have great things to tell you, but alter not, all hath gone well. Its no longer in my power not to alter, O Madam. And when *Antiochus* haid said so, fixing his Eyes languishingly on the Eyes of his Life, he remained a little while without speaking. Then taking a little breath, I cannot deny (he added) but that since yesternight till this time, I have been in a continual Agony; for albeit by all which were sent to see your Majesty, I was always informed you were better, yet I overcharged with too much fear, could not be induced to believe them entirely. But now to my great consolation, I perceive by your Countenance, that they told me even less then the truth.

Pardon a Lye in your Servants, O Prince, since they said so to make you overcome a Disgust. Not I, but the King was troubled the last night with an Accident which still keeps him a Bed, though without any danger by the Favor of Heaven.

Alas said the anxious sick Prince, was my Father destempered? I, my Dear; but alter not at it, replied *Stratonica*. I perceiving the Accident ran quickly to help *Selencus*, and some Gentlemen seeing me stir, stirred likewise, among whom *Antipater* and *Cimones* taking him up between their Arms, carried

carried him unto the first Bed that they came to. When the Physicians were come and found the King Pulseless, one of them was not wanting to say softly, He was dead. This report being spread through the Pallace, the tumults it caused are not easie to be told. The Captain of the Guard reinforced himself with men. They sent away the Guests from the Feast. A President made haste to levy Soldiers in *Damascus*, and every thing in fine was Deplorable and Dreadful. His Swooning lasted almost an hour, of which being recovered at last, I comforted him with some Remedies; and when every one was commanded away, I asked him, if he could not imagine the cause, that had the power to distemper him so grievously. He taking my hand between his, after he had been a while silent, answered me Sighing, that being at the Feast, and beholding how every one was merry and laughing, and that onely among them all his beloved *Antiochus* extended on a Bed, abounded with Sorrow in the Arms of a desperate Melancholly, he had by that reflection so contracted his heart, that unable to sway longer himself, he ceased to live, and fainted under his Sorrow.

Unadvised *Stratonica*! If thou aimest at all *Antiochus* his Love, why dost turn with that relation the stream of his Affections to the duty of his Father? Knowest thou not that onely the Love of his Father opposes thy love?

With what pity was the Prince not wounded, hearing of his Fathers so tender, so humane an Affection? He instantly pondered his Merits in the
the

the space of a moment : So afterwards he said to himself , For a Father like mine, I rather should die, rather be annihilated, then come to have a Thought that might offend him. And here being unable to contain his Tears, he softly brake forth, Ah most dear Father, most Beloved !

Stratonica, who though late, yet knew that to mollifie the Rigors of her Dear with other pity but that, which she of her self could awaken in his Heart, was to prejudice her Pretences, attended to draw away his Minde to other Thoughts, and spinning out the Relation, went on:

While I stood so discoursing with the King, a Page came to tell us , That *Terpandius* the Priest demanded Audience for some very earnest business. He was brought in unto us , and we easily read in his Countenance , the Characters of ill News. When he had done his accustomed Duty, he began in this maner :

Sir, my desire to save your Life, urges me at this so unseasonable a time to trouble your repose. Your Majesty is to know , That *Hermogenes* died just now, who was killed in going home. Before he had breathed out his Soul (I being his Neighbor and intrinsecal Friend) he sent for me to him, and sobbing (having wallowed up and down in his Blood) said to me, *Terpandius*, go to the King, and inform him, That I seduced by *Clitarcus*, have poysoned the Drink which his Majesty uses to take every morning ; and that *Clitarcus* seeing that the King did not die of his swooning, being doubtful that I either deluded him, or discovered it, hath caused
me

me to be slain. Entreat him to beware of the Treacheries of others, and to pardon my Treason. I desired to ask him more Questions to discover something else, but the Frost of Death beginning at that time to stiffen his Tongue, he could not return me any Answer. May, O King, this advice be as useful to you, as my Affection presents it; and be pleased not to mention who truly advertises you of it, lest *Clitarcus* fall foul on me likewise.

When we had heard that so Tragical story, we could not leave wondering, that a Prince so near unto us in Blood, and a Physician of that credit for his Faithfulness, would have ever undertaken so enormous a deed: Yet when we had made some reflection, in order to something that was noted heretofore in the Actions of these two wicked men, the King had some Foundation on which to build his Doubt. To that end he consulting long with me, we resolved at last to imprison *Clitarcus*. The thing now done, and break of day not yet peeping, imagine dear *Antiochus* if we rested that night. But I thinking again on the course of things which succeeded, was doubtful lest *Seleucus*, who had drunk the Poyson, albeit his first swooning was over, might again be surprized. But *Carneades* not delaying to arm him with strong Antidotes, did free me in part from that Doubt. That which since wholly hath assured his Life, and rid me of my Fear, was the knowledge I had, That the Cup-bearer putting the poysoned Drink into a little Vase of Purslain, it no sooner was full, but the Vase breaking to pieces, spilt all the Liquor; whereupon without speaking

speaking a word, as soon as he had mixed a new Draught, he brought it to *Seleucus* in another Cup to drink. Behold, O Prince; if Fortune hath done miracles for us.

Antiochus his Wonder and Sorrow in hearing of Successes so strange, were such as may well be beleev'd of so pious a Son. He answered and asked the Queen many Questions; and she in this occasion, speaking more with her Eyes than her Tongue, omitted no means to inform her Beloved, That if others did design Conjurations against the Life of the Father, she contriv'd Snares against the Liberty of the Son.

While they two so reasoned together, behold a Gentlewoman asks in all haste for *Stratonica*; Madam, the King staves expecting you. The fair Queen took her leave: The Gods know with what Heart. The Remembrance of her coming to discover her self to her Dear, and departing before she had done any thing, awaked such Resentments in her Minde, as cannot be otherwise expressed, but with a weeping silence.

Go thy ways, O unfortunate Queen, to reward the most cruel Repulses of thy Lover, with the sweet Embraces with which thy Husband hath always received thee. Lastly, though he is old, *Seleucus* alone is he that adores thee.

But being come to her Husband, she was shot with the Arrow of Terror, by the Bow of an angry Eye-brow. Alas, to what Disaster are such Mortal signs the Prologue?

Know you this hand, *Stratonica*? And she affirm-
ing,

ing, Yes : Reade the Letters, and then I will tell you the rest, replied the King. *Stratonica* began to reade with that Alteration, which the surprisal of a sudden Misfortune, and the fierceness of an unusual look from *Seleucus*, could probably be the cause of. And when she had declared in the various colours (with which her Cheek was dyed) the several stings which her Soul was wounded with; I see (she said) O King, these are my Fathers Letters, but I cannot comprehend what designs he hath practised with *Clitarcus*, and how I am promised to him for his Wife.

Then the old King unable to contain himself longer, cryed out, Ah *Stratonica*, *Stratonica*, your Father hath always conspired against me, and with too implacable hatred (when he could not deprive me of my Life) laid wait for mine Honor ! And proceeding in telling her with how much Ingratitude *Demetrius* had returned the Affection which he always had born him, he upbraided *Stratonica* with the sundry Favors he had done him, and the many Occasions he had had of suppressing him. Then with an act truly horrible, he swore by the Life of *Antiochus*, to hold him no longer either for his Father-in-law, or his Friend, but persecuting him perpetually, to spend his own blood to procure his Death. And he protested, That if it had not been indecent for his Honor, he would have returned *Stratonica* to *Demetrius*, as an eternal refusal of his Blood, and of his Friendship. For his minde every way presaged to him little good that by her he was ever like to have.

Q

So

So *Seleucus* vented his Passion, because in the Letters of *Demetrius* there was this particular, *Be confident of the Friend, whom I have sent thither for that purpose.* He consulted who was meant by this Friend, and *Climenes* much suspected by him, he suddenly caused him to be secretly imprisoned.

But *Stratonica*, who by reason of the words of the King, had staid in the Room as one smitten by a Thunder-bolt, being unable any longer to manage her Disaster, departed from the sight of her Husband, and inclosing her self in the most remote Room that was to be found in the very bottom of the Pallace, when she perceived that she had no other witness of her Sorrow, but her own Unhappiness: Why should I live longer (she began) unfortunate Woman, in a time when Heaven is resolved to Rain on thy Life all Disasters? To what hopes doth that Blinde Fortune reserve longer my Yong years, that never knew how to distribute her Favors, but where they are merited least? I condemned to frieze in the insipid Colds of an aged Husband, while I burn in the unprofitable flames of a yong Lover? I a follower of him, who for loving me too much, is come now to hate me? I possess a Beauty, whose Flowers have been watered perpetually with my Tears? And should I live in the World? Should I look on the Sun? Suck in the Air? Walk up and down on the Earth? Ah no, Unfortunate *Stratonica*. It is no longer time to live. Die poor Queen, and if thy Sorrow cannot kill thee, have recourse to the helps of Iron and Poyson.

Where

Where art *Demetrius*, my Father, my Hope,
that thou seest not the Tears of thy *Stratonica*?
Of that dear Daughter, whom thou so often hug-
ing in thy Bosom, and laying to thy Face, hast cal-
led the Bowels of thy Life? If at least when this
Heart shall no longer be able to breathe, when the
colours shall fade in my Face, and these Eyes want
the power to look upwards, thou shouldst come
opportunately to say to me, Go hence in Peace my
Daughter; my Passage would be happy.

So mourned the Delight of *Asia*, and the Love
of *Soria*. And her Tears had no body to comfort
them, her Sighs no body to receive them. So those
dear Eyes, those divine Cheeks, and that heavenly
Countenance, were by cruel Destiny condemned
to Sorrow. And shall my Pen pass over her cruel
Afflictions, without rending in pieces my Heart
at every Motion? Ah let us go on, O Reader! We
cannot without Sacrilege describe a weeping
Deity.

Seleucus in the mean time assured the next day
of his health, fell to thanking the Gods, by giving
order for Sacrifices. The slaughtered Victims
fumed every where on the Altars, and by writing
on the Ground with the Characters of Blood the
Kingdoms Joys; nothing it seems but Purple Ink
could witness the common Affections for the health
of the King. The devotedst Vassals pretended,
That within those sacred Flames their Hearts burn-
ed more then the Holocausts; and with the Tongues
of Smoke thanking Heavens Protections, they the
same time offered Incense with acts of Adulation

to *Seleucus* his Ambition. It is hard to relate how many Embassies of Princes arrived in few days at the Court, to congratulate with him his recovered Health, and how many publike and private Feasts were made through all *Soria* for that occasion.

Onely *Antiochus* and *Clitarcus*, Princees truly worthy of another Condition then what they then enjoyed, the one extended on a Bed, and the other buried in a Prison, made a dolorous Descant to the Harmony of those Joys.

A Prison is a Hell epitomized in Ten spans of Scituation. Humane cruelty, which in tracing of Torments, hath imitated always diabolical Operations, hath in no other Machine more expressed the Marrow of Barbarism, then in the Invention of a Prison. It is the sum of Evils, because it is an enemy to Liberty, the sum of all Happinefs. The Indispositions of the Body, and Disasters of the Minde, be they never so great, come never to martyrize all our Senses at once as a Prison does. Even Hope, that is the comfort of every Evil, becomes in a Prison the disquieting of the Heart.

Clitarcus was environed with Chains in a Room so full of Sadness, that the Darknes in it did the office of Pity.

Its Horror which shewed not the Inhabitant there all his Miseries at once, might call in a maner a Loss, a Benefactor. Loaden more with Thoughts then with Irons, the wretch lay on a Bed, which with too great a poverty, was fain both to serve him for a Table and Repose. Solitude, which was the greatest Company he had, could give him no ease with

with other Conferences, but those of a Melancholly silence. Onely the Sighs which too violently issued out of his Breast (more pitiful then any thing else) strove to break those Walls, which too unworthily constituted a miserable Pallace to a Prince disgraced by Fortune.

Seleucus, whom it greatly concerned to finde out the Fact, not so much to punish the guilty, as to know in what maner the offence was devised, seeing that by vertue of the Laws he could not condemn, whom he had not proofs against to convince, was extreemly disquieted concerning this Matter. And he was the more disquieted, by how much that desiring by a certain occult alienation of Minde to condemn *Climenes*, he saw that if *Clitarcus* confessed not something, he should be compelled to free him. *Seleucus* tossed up and down between these Doubts, was not wanting oftentimes to communicate his Thoughts to *Antiochus*, who relaxing a little the rigor of his despair, by reason of these Affairs, desired very earnestly to know how the business was managed. He counselled therefore his Father (since there was no other remedy) to cause *Clitarcus* to be beheaded by his absolute Power. For since they were discussing so enormous an Offence, it was not blame-worthy at all, to come thither by way of Equity, where they could not arrive by way of Justice. *Antiochus* forgat not (though he meant not to live) that *Clitarcus* could onely oppose him in the Crown. Whereupon, not onely for this Reason, which is always very powerful in the Mindes of Princes, but likewise for the
love

love which he bare unto his Father, he strove by all means to procure their Destruction, who had studied to offend him. Moreover, these Deliberations of the Prince were fomented by the Complaints and Rage, which against *Clitarcus*, but more against *Climenes*, *Licofronia* made daily. For she loving the King very dearly, but withal more affectionately *Antiochus*, was not able to endure, that they should go unpunished by any means whatsoever, who were suspected guilty of Treason against the King. She was changed in that maner on the sudden (as Women use to be) against the unfortunate *Climenes*: And if at the first, because he had been her Sons Friend, she had brought him by her Favors to the height of the greatest acquaintance at Court, now because he might be thought to be guilty, she labored by all means to bring him into hatred with all the World; and persecuting him with all her might, she swore, That if he even had been her own Son, she would have had the courage to behold without weeping his Head severed from the Body.

Seleucus then adhering to the Counsel of the Prince, without making more ado, caused death to be intimated to *Clitarcus*. It was greatly disputed in the Council of State, since the King had no other Successor (besides *Antiochus*) but his Nephew, if it was not expedient for the Crown to reserve him alive against all Mischances. But *Seleucus* speaking gravely, said to them, That he desired not to leave him the Crown, who deserved the Ax; that his Succession could not have better fortune
then

then to end with Vertue, never to begin with Vice; and that he could not possibly be so impious, to recommend his peoples Life and Protection to one, who not knowing how to spare his own Blood, had attempted to leap into the Throne with the foot of Homicide.

Behold *Clitarcus*, what an end to thy life that Star hath determined, which beholding thy Nativity with too unlucky a ray, hath imprinted inclinations in thy Minde, which must make thee do infamous Things.

Punishment is not always remote from Noble Persons. Princes even dye in that maner as the basest men expire. For the Sword of Justice exempts onely Innocence from its Edge.

The Conspirator was at this pass, and yet his sorrows fell very much short of the sorrows which the Queen did feel for the disaster of her Love. She seeing in the Court so many disgusts of Wars, of Conspiracies and Diseases, and perceiving that they treated of nothing but Revenges, Prisons and Axes; and that which is worse, finding her self vilified by her Husband, contemned by her Lover, and far from her Father, fell into so cruel a Melancholly, that she wanted but a little of Raving.

The fresh Comeliness in her face being therefore decay'd, and the Colours of Beauty turned Pale, the unfortunate Queen resembled nothing else in her Countenance, but a nocturnal Heaven, in which the Sun of Joy was put out. She was glad to be alone, and glad to weep, to wash perhaps with Tears those Spots of Immodesty, which her wan-
ton

ton Looks might have Printed in the Chrystal of her Minde.

Being now (to say so) habituated to mortification and displeasure, she was at that pass, to be able to look *Antiochus* in the face without any alteration, and to be unmolested though she saw him not at all. All the restaurative she allowed the afflictions of her Minde, was the sound of a Cymbal, which with its Strings of Steel rendring warlike the Harmony, by force overcame (though it were in a short space of time) the Army of Passions by which she found her self to be besieged.

*In love, what's Beauty worth though rare,
But to cause torment to a Heart?
No matter for fine Golden Hair
Or Cheeks by Nature Red, or Art.
Ah! Beauty can us onely move,
'Tis Fate that causes Death for Love.*

So she made an end of singing one day, when a sealed Paper came to her hands, which was brought her very cautiously by one of her faithfulest Women.

The Letter came from *Clitarcus*. He seeing himself near to death, and being not unwilling to dye; but because he could no longer beatifie himself with serving his dearest *Stratonica*, resolved to write her this Letter, and in it to excuse his own Actions, that he might in some sort make them seem to the Queen the less faulty. *Stratonica* perpetually accustomed to finde some black disaster
in

in white Paper, did not open it without fear, nor read it without alteration. The Contents said as followeth :

MADAM, Since my life is so near to an end, that I may no longer reckon Days but Hours, I must not go out of this world, without taking leave of you, who have always been my Patroness ; nor leave imprinted in your Minde an Opinion cruel to my self, without making you that excuse for it, which the Duty I profess you requires. If therefore peradventure with little satisfaction to your Pleasure, I have induced you to read this Letter, excuse my necessity, and be not displeased with my boldness. For albeit I know, that to say nothing of it, or confess it, neither makes me lyable to death, or delivers me from it ; yet I should be very glad, that what you shall read here within, may perpetually be buried in the bottom of your Heart. I shall never be censured for confiding in you ; for besides that in you all those qualities concur, which can assure me of your secrecy, I may always say to have trusted in my life.

You already know Madam (and you know it too well, unfortunate that I am) That I was born to adore you. My Age encreasing by the Rayes of your Beauty, was no otherwise life to me, then I had hope to obtain your good Grace. Arsinda the Princess observing my qualities, was taken with them, and designed them to the Fortune of her Daughter. I likewise reflecting on her parts, esteemed her very fit to implore for me your Love. She met with me as a friend on the Trace of her Ends, I followed her on

R

the

the Footsteps of my Wishes, as one whom she trusted. The relation of my Passions succeeded the beginning of our friendship. Whereupon she discovering an occasion to gain me, on the one side undertook my assistance very willingly, on the other caused me to despair of the effect; being secure by these Arts to loose me from your Love, and tie me to that of her Daughter; You know, O Queen, the offices, the tryals and perswasions which she used to you in my name. Your cruelty was my ruine and her anger. When she saw that neither by your rigid behavior towards me, I could be diverted from you, nor by her allurements be induced to love Euripia, she resolved to persecute me. It occurs not to survey again Distastes. It is to no body more known then to your self, to what tryals she hath often exposed my Reputation and Life. But now since I must dye, I forgive her all offences, and love her as formerly. Finding then my self deprived of her assistance, and despairing to have you as a Mistress, I did cast about how to gain you for my Wife. The dissentions between your Father and Husband, were the foundation on which I erected my Engines. Suppose me a Lover, and you'll grant all exorbitances! You would offend your wisdom, if you wondered and examined my Actions. It is sufficient. The business went on well, if the breaking of a Vase of Purslain had not ruined in a moment my Fortunes. Heaven, that knew me unworthy of your Love, would not let me have the experience of the worth of your favor. Your Beauty, which hath made all men happy, hath rendered me onely unfortunate. A just punishment of the Gods, who knowing that by
adoring

adoring you, I preferred you before them, would not let me brag that I had couzened them of their Honors, without losing my life. So go the things of the world, O Stratonica! Clitarcus born a Prince, grown up to the Hopes of a Kingdom, endowed with good Qualities, beloved of Vassals, and revered by Strangers, is brought to be beheaded in the Flower of his Age. I dye O dearest (dispencc with me, if at the end of my life I make use of this word) I dye full of all those discontents, and abandoned by all those Consolations, which in Cases like this, have at any time been of force to encourage every other wretched man. My death would be happy, if I might be assured, that these my disasters were but pityed by one single drop of your Eyes. But it is temerity to aspire so high. I know your Eyes in that they are Stars, are mine Enemies, and I must not hope for pity from mine Enemies. Be you happy, O Madam!

It is hard to relate how many impressions the Letter made in the Minde of *Stratonica*, in order to Affection and Pity. The sad Queen upbraided her misfortunes to Heaven, since in the first ending to finde one that loves her, she began to lose him. In fine, she could not choose but communicate the Letter to *Arsinda*, who then was her Beloved, her Favorite. And so much the more willingly she communicated it to her, by how much that heretofore she had seen, that *Arsinda* following the Fashion of womanish inconstancy, having changed all the Hatred she bare to *Clitarcus*, into an Affection and an unspeakable Pity, had made her self famous

among others of the Court, by bewailing his disastrous Condition. When they had then consulted long together, *Arsinda* without speaking any more had recourse to *Seleucus*, and informed him with most powerful Reasons, That now since *Clitarcus* was contented to dye without confessing any thing, it was expedient to the Crown, to discover the Wiles and Treacheries of his Enemies by offering him his life, in case he would manifest their design. The King was most unwilling to Consent to this Resolution. But lastly, when he knew of what use it was to him, he Condescended to all *Arsinda* desired. When she had obtained this Grace, she was doubtful of *Clitarcus* his kindness, though in the Queens Letter she had had some earnest of it before. Whereupon it seemed necessary to her, before she would Treat with him of any thing, to penetrate his Minde with a Note. She therefore wrote to him very kindly, and assured him how much from her heart she repented her self, that she ever had displeased him, and how bitterly she grieved to see he was brought to such an end.

When *Clitarcus* had read the Note, he thought without doubt, That *Arsinda* would even in the end of his life, afflict him with some specious deceit. Yet dissembling his doubt, he answered her thus in a Letter :

PRINCESS,

TO purchase your good Grace in that Moment, when I am to lose my life, is a necessitating of me, to bewail one thing more that I leave in this world.

world. You would, O *Arsinda*, have used greater pity to me, if Treating me like an Enemy in that maner, as you have been to me till just now, you had made me unconcerned in the Sorrow of not being longer able to enjoy your Courtesies. You have done nothing else by reconciling me to you, but added the weight of your Memory to the burthen I carry to the other World. I impute all to my Stars, which have had the power to make me so unhappy, that even Favors prove Misfortunes to me. Howsoever (Madam) I am glad to die lamented by you, since I lived before persecuted by you. And assure your self, that he who hath never resented your Injuries, till forced by his Honor, will never forget your Affection, till mastered by Eternity.

When *Arsinda* had received this Letter, she flew full of joy to the Prison. She complemented and negotiated with *Clitarcus* a good while. In the end she so wrought, that he was contented to buy his life at the rate of Confession. The Examination succeeded the Charge; and in the Examination he discovered many things that were not fit to be revealed; one of which was, the accusing of *Climenes* for one of the principal Actors in the Conspiracy.

Climenes on this Evidence was most cruelly tormented; but assuring himself that he could by no means escape Death, he declined the residue of his Torments, by saying, He was ready to reveal every thing, provided, that *Antiochus* and *Licofronia* would be present at his Tryal. Then the Presidents
of

of the Cause being assembled together in the Chamber of the Prince, together with *Licofronia*, who, as zealous of the life of the King, had persecuted extreemly in all things the said guilty Person; The Judges had scarce taken their places, but they heard the noise of the Irons which *Climenes* trail'd along on the ground.

The poor Youth appeared like a Traveller into another life. His Countenance (which by Nature had no vulgar Air in it) grown lean by Affliction, expressed in a pale disagreement of Colours, that the Harmony of his *individuum* began its Dissolutions from the Head. They read in the Apple of his Eye, Tears manfully repelled, and Horrors imperfectly designed by Death. Yet when he had rallied the Reliques of a Chearfulness, which before was dispersed, with a smiling that had nothing else of life but the shadow, he spake in this manner:

To be Mortal, and consequently subject to Passions and Errors, should not make it seem strange to you, O Judges, that now before your eyes, ye see me fall down to the bottom of humane Adversities. He that incited me to this Precipice, is so powerful, that with an example of extraordinary wonder, he could have subverted more robustious Breasts, and Hearts far more generous then mine. But I speak not this to diminish in any sort the greatness of my Fault, but to assure you (my Lords) that what I have designed against the King, had relation to nothing but Love and Revenge.

The Physicians dissention in order to your sickness

ness (O Prince) was the cause, from which such sad Effects are derived. I am not in a condition to enlarge my Discourse. Hear the true Relation, and pity (if you please) not my Offence, but my Frailty.

When *Hermogenes* saw he was vilified by *Carneades*, for their Difference in Opinion in order to your Highnesses disease; and that to that contempt was joyned the little Favor the King shewed him; he being vexed, sent a Letter to *Demetrius*, my Master, strewed full of Ambushes and Treasons, which *Seleucus* devised against him. And amongst other things (to confirm them) wrote to him, That the King the last year perceiving that your Highness was familiar with *Sophonisba*, fearing lest at last you might marry her, and deliver us from our Misery, wards *Demetrius* his Kinred, had caused her to be poysoned by *Carneades*: Whereupon the unfortunate Lady departing shortly after for the Death of *Fanstus* her Father, could scarce get to *Bursia* alive.

Demetrius, who before was perswaded of the hatred *Seleucus* bare to him, when he saw its Effects in *Sophonisba*, did presently beleeve whatsoever *Hermogenes* wrote to him. Whereupon being inflamed to Revenge (having before made sure of *Clitarcus* the Prince) he resolved to send to this Court some faithful Lord of his, who embracing with him the Design, might perswade him to conspire against the King, and to seek by all means, either by Iron or Poyson to deprive him of Life.

None of his Barons seemed fitter to him for this business,

business, then my self. To that end having drawn me aside one day, to discourse with him in the secretest place of one of his Cabinets, when he had complained greatly of *Seleucus*, and shewed me the Letters of *Hermogenes*, he commanded me to come to this Court, and told me what to do with *Clitarcus*.

I, who had loved *Sophonisba* more then my life, and that if I came not to this Court when the Queen brought her with her for one of her Ladies, it was, because I was far distant at that time from *Bursia*, for certain Affairs of the King, my Master; Imagine ye, O Judges, what sorrow I felt by seeing in *Hermogenes* his Letters, not onely the Memory, but the Quality of her Death. Whereupon, it appearing to me, ~~that by obeying the King, not onely~~ concurred the Satisfaction of doing my Duty, but that too of revenging my Lady, I was very willing to perform his Commands.

It disordered me onely to think, that I should be known not onely by *Stratonica*, but many others of this Court; but *Demetrius* telling me, that (when I had gotten a Beard, and changed with my Voice in some sort the Features of my Face, I might easily be freed of this doubt) did encourage me so, that I imbarqued my self for this Coast: Being surprized at Sea by a Tempest, I was cast on the Island of *Cyprus*, where forced to expect many Moneths the Commodity of Passage, the Relation befel me of that Witch, which I made some days past to your Highness, which differeth in nothing from the Truth, but in that particular onely, in which I made

made mention of my Father, and in the Infirmities which I said I had had in the end.

Your Highness I know calls something to minde that I signified to you of a Picture which I saw there in the Pallace of that Mountain, for whose sake afterwards I could not endure to see any other. Now this was the Picture of *Sophonisba*. Being inflamed by this sight more then ever to the Enterprize, Fortune to facilitate the more my Disasters, did likewise provide against the danger of my being discovered; for going a hunting one day, I fell from a very high Precipice of Rocks, and breaking my Nose and my Teeth, and losing an Eye, as you see, I securely did negotiate with my Friends, and no body knew who I was.

Being healed, and a very convenient Passage afforded me, I arrived at this Court. Here feigning my self to be a Stranger, as your Highness beheld, I onely discovered my self to the Prince your Cozen, and procured the Friendship of *Hermogenes*. The Prince (though he very much desired it) was troubled in resolving with himself to conspire against the King. But I knowing he was cruelly in Love with the Queen (though she knew nothing of it) did promise to him on the part of *Demetrius*, to marry her to him as soon as *Seleucus* should be dead. He, who was not able to stand firm against these Motions, when the promise was authenticated by the Letters of my Master, corrupted *Hermogenes* with a great sum of Gold, and many Hopes, and incited him to Poyson *Seleucus*. As soon as I knew that he had done the deed

S

(though

(though it was without Effect, by the Rupture of the Vase) I killed him the night following, to be sure he should be silent. But by the same way that I thought to have secured the Secrecy, by that very same I happened to reveal it. For *Hermogenes* as ye know having so much life left him, as to be able to inform *Terpandrus* of the Fact, every thing was discovered. So the business exactly hath passed, O Judges. Now it remains (he spake with a great sigh) that ye know who I am; but no body can give greater testimony of that then this Lady, who sits here among you. And in saying so, shewing *Licofronia* a skar that he had on his Arm, now speak you, he added (O Madam) if you know your Son *Alcestes*.

Reader, I have not the courage to delineate the resentment of a Mother, who after a very long time that she hath been far distant from her onely Son, comes to re-behold him with an Ax over his Head. Let him (who can) arrive there with a Thought, where I cannot come with my Pen. I will onely say this, The Judges so much pitied this case, that if his Offence had been any thing but Treason, perhaps changing the Punishment of Life into some other Punishment, they might in some kinde have been indulgent to him.

Thou diedst so, O *Alcestes*. Thy ill Fortune could not be divided from thee, but by the Iron which cut off thy Head. Unfortunate Man ! Thy Misfortune would not have been lamented at all, if thou hadst undertaken the Conspiracy, set on fire by other flames, but those of Revenge and of Love.

Where

Where is that Heart, be it never so generous, that spurred on by these two Affections, runs not to any kinde of Precipice? May that be an example to the Liver.

But *Clitarcus* (who had by the means of *Arfinda* been delivered out of Prison, and from Death, though perpetually banished from *Damascus*) was willing to gratifie in some part the kindness he had received from that Lady, by marrying *Euripia*. So one of the Conspirators (because he was a Prince) passes to his Nuptials, while the other (because a private man) goes to the Gallows.

The Disturbances of *Seleucus* and *Antiochus* being quieted in this maner, and the Court filled with joy for this Marriage, their Contentment was the greater, because *Demetrius* seeing his Designs were discovered, endeavored a Peace with *Seleucus*, and obtained it.

Stratonica therefore awaked with the noise of the Feasts out of that Melancholly in which her great Beauty lay asleep, and began to rekindle in her self the accustomed splendors of her Face, and revive the usual Graces of her Looks and of Laughter.

Antiochus, thy Sun prepares himself to run towards the end of thy life. What is to be done? Preserve thy Chastity, and thou lovest thy Life. So this poor desperate Prince, when he saw in the Roses of his Enemy, the Thorns of his Condition to re-blossom, fell to Fasting again, because he would not nourish in the weakness of his Life, the danger of his Modesty.

But *Seleucus*, who wanted not any thing to perfect his Happiness in the Joys of the Peace, but the sight of some amendment in *Antiochus*, being consecrated wholly to Sacrifices and Devotions, spent onely the hours of the day in sighing to Heaven for some reparation to the Ruines of his decaying Son.

Near *Damascus*, some three Miles off, there is a Valley, which within a sad Pleasantness of *Cypres* Trees, by which it was encumbered by reason of their Thickness, a Temple lay hid, erected to the Glory of a nameless Deity. There Solitude (whose Kingdom it seemed) commanding with the Scepter of Silence, did intimate to all that entred into the Wood, the decrees of Terror and Admiration.

The Fabrick (which shewed in the Architecture a Majesty, to which even Ages did homage) assisted by those Circumstances of Horror and Antiquity, which make a doleful Edifice, was revered by Pilgrims, as a dwelling that could not contain any other thing in it, but the obscure Deity of a Power unknown.

Black Bats, and unlucky Birds, which (compassing the Temple with sad flutterings) did form an unfortunate Chattering, were the Citizens which inhabiting the Obscurities of the Wood, accorded to the colours of their Feathers the sadness of those Leaves, which even in their trembling breathed Tears.

Hither the King resolved to have daily recourse, without any other attendance but two Lords; being confident that as he prayed against an unknown Disease,

Disease, so onely of an unknown Deity he could obtain the Remedy for it. And behold at the third station, when the Sacrifice was done, he soundly sleeps at the Foot of the Altar, and hears a voice in a dream that sayes unto him,

Seleucus, cause *Erasistratus* to be found. If he cures not thy Son, his Death is unavoidable.

The unfortunate King awaking with this voice (which struck him like Thunder) returned in all haste to *Damascus*. And when he had distinctly inquired, if there was a Physician in the World called *Erasistratus*; he received this Answer, That there was not onely such a one, but that he was the Vassal of his Majesty; and that it was not long since he had married a most beautiful Citizen of *Damascus*.

The King having caused *Erasistratus* to come to him, beheld him Counter-marked with so Noble and so Comely a Countenance, that by his lively Carriage, and cheerful Condition, he straight-ways presaged some good Fortune to the Cure of *Antiochus*. Poor afflicted men, how quickly they run to beleieve, what they would have succeed in order to the effecting their Desires. All men offend concerning this Levity, but great men there offend most of all; for they (as more proud in their Desires) cannot comprehend how Hope can be so bold to deceive them.

Erasistratus exposed to the Eyes of the other Physicians, and of the Court, became soon a Mark for the blows of Detraction and Envy. But he (who had spent the greater part of his time in the Courts

Courts of other Kings, being skilful in the art of insinuating himself into every ones favor) prevailed with them in time no less by his Knowledge then his Wit.

But *Seleucus* (who procured with all diligence that the Physician should not be distracted with any other Thoughts, but those which were necessary for the study of Remedies) was desirous that his Wife should be brought into the Court, to live there with him; and gave order to have her Treated as a Lady esteemed by the Queen.

Things being composed in this maner, *Erasistratus* went in to make his first visit to the Prince, and with him *Seleucus*, and *Antipater* the Princes Overseer. The Room half dark, was the first sign which they all three had of the little Life of the sick Prince. Their Looks hastned to the Bed, which (now beginning to transform it self into a Coffin) contained nothing else but a miserable Conjunction of Bones animated by a fugitive Soul. *Antiochus* was defaced in that maner, that having by his sickness acquired a Figure wholly different from himself, he retained nothing else of his former Similitude, but a lively Look, in which alone, as in a secure Counter-sign, his unfortunate Father was reduced to acknowledge the Stamp of his own Resemblance.

Nature peradventure then robbing him of his native Form, had with a compassionate cruelty delivered him from the residue of those Tears which *Seleucus* would have shed by seeing in him his own Image. But what greater misery could arrive

to

to poor *Antiochus*, then to be brought to that pass, that it seemed but reasonable to defraud him of that weeping to which his Fathers Tears were indebted by the law of Compassion. Yet the unfortunate King was not wanting to water his Cheeks in that maner, That if the Overseer and Physician there present, had not signified to him that he should forbear weeping, he would without doubt (forerunning the death of his Son) have provided his dear Body of a Bath. They considered him possessed by Melancholly, oppressed with Silence, and abstracted from Humanity. Every thing about him seemed to infuse Horror, and to favor of Misfortune. Even the Air (infected with his Fate) moved up and down in the Circuit of his Chamber something that was Noysom and Deadly.

When the King had made much of him, and frequently asked him how he did, being unable to get from him any answer at all but a turning of his shoulders, he weeping, consulted the Physician in order to what they should do to revive this dying health.

Erasistratus then taking into his hand the arm of *Antiochus*, observed (musing much) by the drum of his Pulse, if his Soul yet began to beat the march. Then he said very gravely, That there wanted not causes of sadness; That nevertheless in that his first visit he durst not yet prognosticate any thing of certainty; That he should have thought it a most excellent remedy, to cheer up *Antiochus* his sorrows with much merry Company and sweet Musick; for he saw very well, that chiefly two things

things were the infirmities which caused his Death, to wit, Melancholly and Weakness. The Physician going on in his discourse, so satisfied the Kings expectation, that he hanging at his Mouth, preserved his Words as answers from an Oracle.

Antipater had the Charge to give order for the Feasts, and to assign the time for the Ladies Assemblies. There the Queen being often to intervene, not onely as chief in Authority, but as principal in Beauty, was the cause that the others so much inferior to her (because they would not stay in the place) went out with their Attires and Embellishments, devised without doubt by Emulation, and embroydered by Envy.

Antiochus his Chamber being therefore become an Epitome, in which Ostentation had contracted all its Bravery; and a Scene, where all the Torches of Beauty were lighted, the poor Prince felt himself mount miserably towards Paradise.

Next to *Stratonica*, there was not a Lady (though the Court did abound with extraordinary Beauties) more handsome then *Polibia* the Wife of the Physician. She (whose years resembled a Nosegay of Flowers tyed by Youth) surpassing the others as much as she was surpassed her self by *Stratonica*, seemed a middle limit placed in that Company, to prove that infinity which the Beauty of the Queen arrived at.

If I knew which way to describe a Deity, perhaps I should dare to shadow those Sweets, which all Eyes felt by fixing themselves on the Countenance of the Queen, while she sate near the Bed of

Antiochus,

Antiochus, to solace her self with the rest of the Ladies. But tis madness to attempt an impossible thing.

Erasistratus (who well understood the language of the Eyes) perceiving that looks passed between the Queen and the Prince, which carried and recarried arrows, was not long a comprehending in what tempest the Health of *Antiochus* was lost. Being cautious therefore in observing, in less then two days he perceived, that every time *Stratonica* appeared, the poor Prince (grown pale) was in a sweat; his Tongue trembled in his Mouth, and his Heart did beat in his Breast; and the Motions of his Pulse varying in that maner, it seemed by the frequent beatings that he panted in calling for help.

Pensive *Erasistratus*, what remedy wilt thou finde for this Princes disease, now thou hast had the furtune to discover it? He turns to Ashes for a fire, which nothing suits better with then Silence. How wilt thou be able to put thy self in order to make use of any Medicaments, if thou mayst not define the disease nor speak of it? O my very cruel Condition! And what avails it me, that thou hast brought me to the greatest cure in the world (to make me get honor) if thou hast put a rub in my way, which may make me lose my life? so spake sighingly the Physician in that affliction of Minde, who could have no greater Consolation then Despair. But after much uncertainty of Thought, he ran to *Seleucus*, and informing him that at length he had discovered the disease of *Antiochus*, he tells him it is incurable.

T

Alas,

Alas, then (answered the King) darest thou tell me such unfortunate News? And from what so mortal Cause is derived a disease, which my Crown is not able to Cure?

Sir, replied *Erasistratus*, Love is the cause of his Sickness. The Prince by Excessively loving, is near the last moment of his Life.

The King lost between Wonder and Incredulity, on the one side Laughed, on the other was Sad. But the Physician swearing that all he said to him was most true, and offering to make it appear to his own Eyes, *Selencus* grew pale. And who may be probably this Lady, which hath had the power to Charm my poor Son in this manner, that he must dye for her Love?

When the Prince was in health (replied the Physician) Fortune one day brought him to see *Polibia*, who was not then my Wife; and he seeing her very handsom, and consequently worthy of any Noble mans Love, was enamored so of her, that in brief he attempted all means to obtain her. But it being repugnant to his Nature to make use there of force, where Prayers were not prevalent, he was grieved so to the heart, that he resolved to go dye in *Laodicea*. Your Majesty knows better then I, if that journey was intended. Melancholly afterwards augmented in him hourly with Silence, hath (extending him on a Bed) consumed him as you see. Yet his sickness peradventure would not have been incurable, if by the occasion of my fatal coming to his cure, he had not both re-seen and re-known *Polibia* for my Wife. Behold,
O sir,

O fir, how excessively unhappy your Condition is and Mine ; how your Majesty believing to finde a Physician that was able to restore him to his health, and I a Cure suitable to my Ambition, We have both of us unfortunately co-operated to his Death.

If the King then Wept infinitely and Lamented, let that Father imagine, who reduced to the poverty of one onely Son, hath placed in his Life all the hopes of his Progeny.

He cursed the day of his own Nativity. He said he was deceived by the Oracle, and protested to Heaven his Despair. Then heated with the boyl-ing of his Affections, he collected all the wittiest Enthymems, and subtilest Syllogisms, to imprint in the heart of *Erasistratus* an Argument of Truth, that in him all the happiness of *Antiochus* consisted. And that if he would as a Husband be willing to abandon *Polibia* to the Princes desires, he would make his Family as fortunate as any ever was.

He then dilated himself in shewing him the happiness of the People, which depended on the Life of a Prince so well Qualified; the joy of a Father, who would by that means be seen to re-flourish in a Son; and the Obligation of a Favor, which a Posterity owing him could never be forgotten.

But the Physician feigning an Anger, which passed not the Confines of Dissembling (artificially grown proud) returned him this Answer, That he could not tell if his Majesty would embrace those Counsels himself, which he labored to give him, if he was in *Erasistratus* his Condition; That he was very sure, That provided *Antiochus* had been en-

amored of the Queen, his Majesty would not have endured that any should have perswaded him to renounce her to the Lover.

Here *Seleucus* could not suffer him to go on, but crying out with a violence derived from paternal Affection, Would the Gods would be so pleased (he said weeping) that my poor Son were in love with my Wife, that I without losing any time, might run to dispossess my self of a Woman, to gain a King; but the Stars have not vouchsafed me so much happiness. My destiny (which hath wholly seen my will devoted to my Sons) would not let his Life depend on my will. O, amongst all that have ever had children in the World, most unfortunate Father! And how gloriously happy should I be, if *Antiochus* being in love with *Stratonica*, it lay in my power to get my self a priviledge in his gratitude, by giving him life a second time? So spake *Seleucus*; and he bathed in the mean time (with his eyes dissolved into water) the reverence of that hoary old Age, which rendered his Countenance no less Grave then Majestick.

We desire that Ability which we have not; not so much to use it, as to have something more then we had. Privation is so loathsom a thing, that when there is even a privation of any superfluity, we are troubled. Our Minde, which is always desirous of Dominion, runs willingly to those Actions that are the effects of a quality newly gained, though otherwise the Actions be of little Satisfaction.

If this King had perceived he had been able to beatifie *Antiochus*, before he so fervently desired
this

this Power in another, he would not peradventure have put into practise with so great a violence.

When *Erasistratus* saw the King in the height of his Sorrow, he cast himself down at his Feet, and besought him to be quiet; for it was in his Power to give Life to the Prince. And proceeding in discovering to him *Antiochus* his Love to the Queen, he caused the pitiful Father to swoon through abundance of Tendernefs.

He employed then himself in observing his Sons alterations when *Stratonica* arrived, and was confident of all the Physician had affirmed to him. Then without losing of time (for the Life of the Prince was no longer in a state to suffer delay) he assembled his Counsellors. There gravely debating the matter (after he had given them a true Information of every thing that had succeeded in order to the Princes disease) he shewed them how great the loss was all the Kingdom would have by his death. He dilated himself (not without Tears) in commending his Qualities. He proved the utility which they hoped for by his Government. He declared the impotency of his own old Age. He bewailed the Royal Progeny that would end in his Sons *individuum*, if he died in that maner: And lastly, he commended his renouncing of *Stratonica* to him, to preserve him alive.

The Kings opinion was unanimously approved of, and no less were all astonished at the love of the Father to the Son, then the respect of the Son to the Father.

This no sooner was done, but *Seleucus* called
Stratonica

Stratonica aside into a Chamber. He desired her not to wonder at what he had to tell her; for the Extravagances of the World caused greater Amazements. That he was well assured; That the sickness of *Antiochus* did proceed from an infinite Love which he bare unto her: That it should not appear strange to her, for her Beauty could do more stupendious Miracles: That he saw no other Remedy to preserve his Son's Life, but to renounce to him her Body, though he did not renounce unto him his Affection to her.

That at least he felt this Pleasure, that her Merits had a greater Reward, then that which his wasted old Age had the Power to bestow now upon her: That a Prince of less Vertue then *Antiochus*, was unworthy of so qualified a Queen: That she should comfort her self, that if he lost her as a Wife, he gained her as a Daughter. And finally, he besought her, That if she made Profession of complying with all his Desires, she would comply with this of accepting of *Antiochus* willingly; for nothing could express greater kindness, and nothing was more beneficial to the Kingdom.

The Gods onely know (while *Seleucus* spake thus) what Conflicts in his Heart the Interests of his Son, and his Wife's Affections made. Heaven in that instant made her seem to him more Beautiful, that in giving her away to *Antiochus*, he might be more sensibly Mortified.

Stratonica dyed with a Blushing, which seemed the effect of Strangeness, and was Joy's effect; returned him this Answer, That she could do no less then

then be amazed, that *Antiochus* was come to that pass; yet that she was ready to perform the commands of his Majesty.

So they both went to the sick Princes Bed; when the King had caused all to be gone, he began to speak to the Prince in this maner:

How much Sorrow, O Son, thy sickness hath continually brought me, is known to that Heaven, which never yet hath seen (since thou kept'st thy Bed) these my Eyes free from Tears. I almost felt as much by not knowing thy Disease, as by losing thy Life; for it seemed to me, that by my wanting Power to comfort my self in giving thee a Remedy, Death took thee not from me, but robbed me of thee.

But now since thy silence hath been understood, and thy desire read in thy Melancholly, behold here *Stratonica*. If thy Vertue hath gained her at the rate of thy Life, my Generosity renounces her to thee out of abundance of Affection. To hold dearer my Honor then thy Happiness, hath been the effect of a Son, but not of an ordinary Son. To cure thee of thy sickness, though it were with the loss of my Life, must not be the work of a Father that is less then a King. *Stratonica* (who was born to greater Fortunes then any she could hope for of me) by the Favor of Heaven is now to be happy in thee. Receive her, and cheering up thy Sadness with the gain of such a Happiness, endeavor to deliver thy self out of the snares of death. No man will ever be able to deny, that I have not (to recover thy health) given away the most Beautiful thing
in

in the World. But my Gift is voluntary, and my Will hath been commended by the Council of State. All our Subjects see me willinger a Widower, then without a Son. Let this be a Circumstance to increase the Beatitudes of thy Fortune.

Antiochus his weakness was not able to endure the strokes of such infinite Joys. Life fled from his Tongue, because with humane words to thank his Father, was esteemed by him too manifest an Ingratitude. In the mean time he fell into a Swoon. It availed very little poor *Seleucus* to speak rather Gravely then Affectionately to him; for by his speaking, neither more nor less the Accident arrived which they labored to avoid.

The good old King bewailed his sudden swooning, and the Queen kept him company in weeping. And perhaps those Tears served likewise for the Obsequies of their seperated Nuptials.

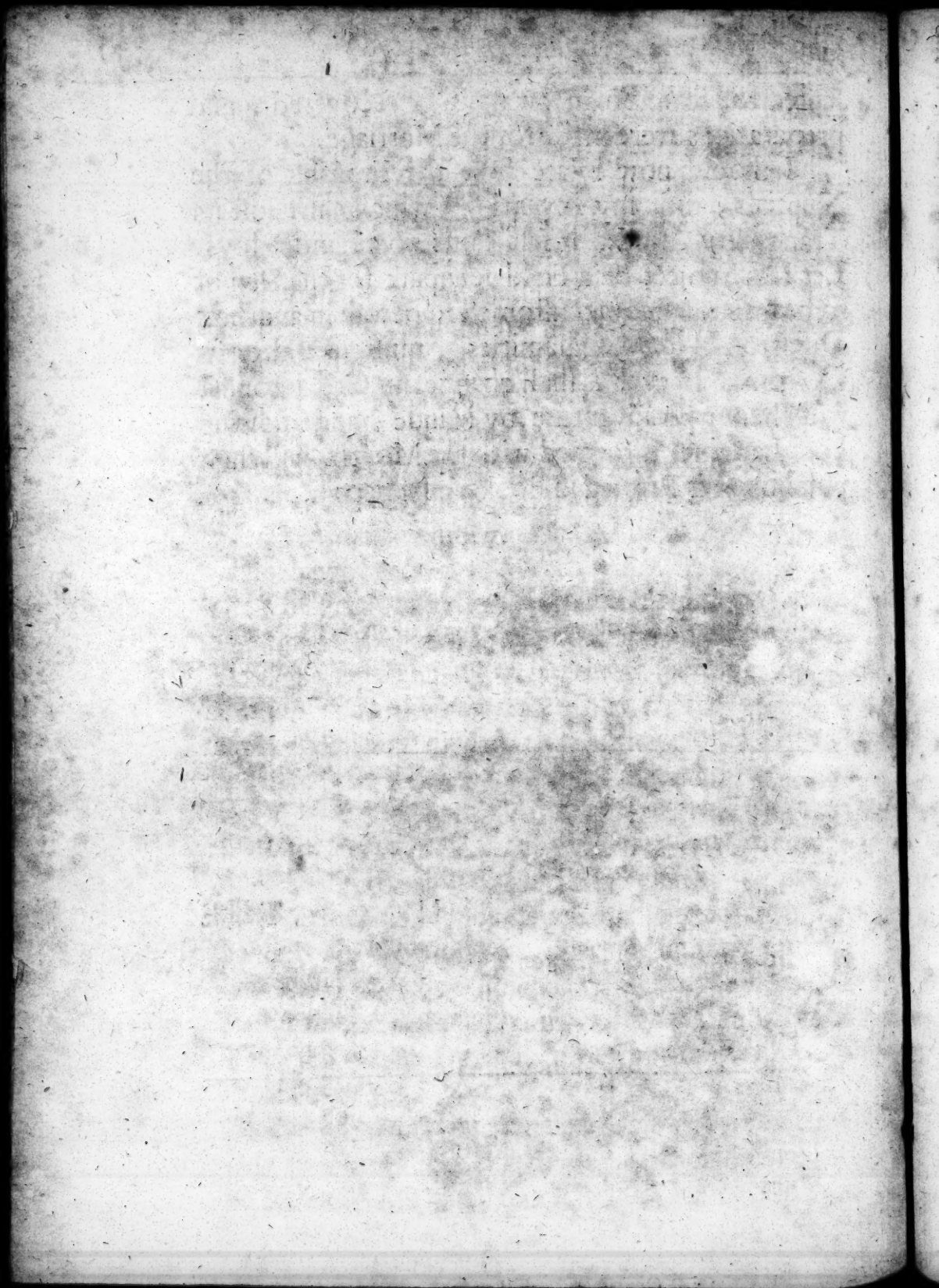
Erasistratus called to the swooning of the Prince, intreated the King to send away *Stratonica*, for the sick Princes Soul could not long sustain it self against her sweet Presence. *Antiochus* (returned to himself) fetched so great a Sigh, that they thought in that first noise, his much tormented Soul fled away. He then fell to weeping extreamly; nor for any thing *Seleucus* said to him, could he answer him otherwise then by frequently kissing his hand. The King seeing that, thought it good to be gone.

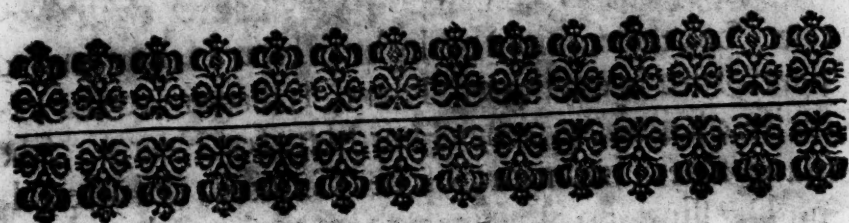
Erasistratus (left alone with the Prince) cheered him up, and he disposed himself by little and little to receive with Joy the Fortune which Fate presented

sented to him. So in few days he recovered, and preparations were made for the Marriage.

I should now relate here the Feasting of the Nuptials, but my Invention (which hath lost its Tranquility) findes it self unfit to phansie Joys. Let this Subject be a Field set apart for the Pen of some other. Mine (accustomed to bewail in anothers Disasters its own Calamities) must not alter its Custom. If ever I shall change my Condition, I will change peradventure my Minde; and knowing how Laughter is formed with the Mouth, will shew you how it is Printed in Books. Be happy.

U THE





THE
 CATASTROPHE
 OF
 STRATONICA;
 OR THE
 Unfortunate Queen.

The fourth Book,
 WRITTEN
 By John Baptist Cartolari.

Stratonica began to count the years of her Life from the day she was resigned by Old Seleucus to Yong Antiochus. That day her fading Beauty re-blossomed; Her Cheeks (which began to grow lean) became again smooth, and the Lilly re-appeared streaked in her

U 2

with

with a better Purple. Her Eyes shaded with Sorrow, beheld again the light. Her Hands busied heretofore in drying of Tears, fell again to the exercise of making in her Hair Nets for Hearts. She made a new Inventory of her Cloaths. No Jewel, no Dressing, no Artifice was forgotten. She returned to the Noviship of Love, by Consulting her Glass, Studying again Looks, and Instructing with Patience her self. She distilled Tears with the Martyrdom of Fire by Alembicks into several Waters, this to serve for Paintings, and that for Fragrancies. Having resolved to have *Antiochus* for her Deity, she desired to seem a Goddess to him.

The Waiting-Women saw their own punishment proceed from the Joys of *Stratonica*. All hours are destined to the Services of Wantonness; this appointed for distilling, that for tempering Ambre to several Uses; this for curling Hair, and that for such like Exercises.

But now Impatience set a fire *Stratonica's* longing, to whom one hour appearing a thousand to better her Condition, she grew froward with the Sun, banned the Time, and cursed the dents of the Celestial Wheels, which brought about so slowly the days, every moment of which imported an Age to her Wishes.

Antiochus recovered, but yet in Death's black and blew marks, the whiteness of the Privet decayed in his wan Countenance.

Desire suggested to *Stratonica* several ways of procuring amorous strength with much Gold for the new married man. The Chambers were most sweetly

sweetly perfumed, and the Baths in order to make him grow fat.

The people in the mean time understood it differently so prodigious a thing, that both in the publike and private Records it was without a Pre-
sident.

To behold a King (a Father) give consent to the passing away of the Treasures of his Bed to his Son, who had dared to lay his Thoughts in his Step-mothers Bosom; O what temerity of a Son! O what indignity of a Father! The wisest men detested it so far, as to take up Arms against him, and revenge the Kings affront on the King himself, not on the impudent Prince.

They wondered that *Seleucus* (who had punished the signs of Conspiracy against the Crown in *Climenes*) had not killed *Antiochus* conspiring against the greatest Interests of men; and that there was a Parliament (a Body of such corrupt Members) that suffered not onely, but supported such ignominious Matches. Others (swimming down the stream) commended the mad Pity, which gave by Consent to the Kingdoms Successor, the Wife of the Father the King, to preserve (if really it was true that there was a necessity in it) a rebellious Princes life. Some imputed the Violence of *Antiochus* his Affections to the Stars, for Villanies have no greater a Protector then the idle Terminations of Fate. But all strivingly cursed *Stratonica*, the Tinder-Box and Fewel of this wicked Fire.

Antiochus howsoever unfit for Nuptial Conflicts, in stead of recovering, consumed himself in the sufferings

sufferings of desire, longing extreamly to enjoy the Widow of a Husband yet living.

Now in a confused distinction the orders given to Artificers were hotly pursued; and because the offence might appear the more deformed, and more gross in the Eyes of the world, they were willing to bring him on the Stage, and inrobe him with Pomp. He was to be Arrayed like a King. These Nuptials celebrated against all Custom, not deserving so much as the shadow of darkness it self, they desired to manifest, and make appear as Lawful as Beautiful.

O coloured Glasses of Passions, how far from the truth represent ye the Objects? Vices are gilded with the names of Vertues, and the most hainous Villanies enjammed with specious Titles: Yet the Thunderbolts lye neglected and idle in the Thunderers Hand, for he thinks of nothing more then of being a Deity.

The Glas of *Selencus* his Conscience represented to him the foulness of his corrupt and rotten marriage. He knew he had given for a dishonest woman his own Wife to his own Son; He perceived that the People derided in secret this his cowardly dulness, though they openly applauded it: and *Stratonica* likewise was much troubled, to see her self pointed at as the Son-in-laws Mistress: but the flesh was unruly; whereupon with the danger of *Antiochus* his health, they hastened the Pleasures of the lascivious Queen.

She was dressed more extravagantly and wantonly then ever. Her sleeked hair hung displayed,
but

but was parted on the Forehead; on her Temples she had placed two great Locks of Hair finely Curled, and very rarely Plaited, which hung down to the tip of her Ear. The Tresses were reduced into a Rose; the hinder part of her head was bound with a single Ribband woven of many Colours. Her Neck (the delicious excess of Softness and Whiteness) seemed Alabaster and not Flesh, but that by its Motion in breathing it appeared to have Life. Her Throat (Beauties Pillar) laid a foundation to the first desires, which going on farther to her Bosom, did precipitate themselves from two little Hills into the Gulph of amorous Impatience, little Hills with cunning Artifice exposed to the sight of all Eyes (having the Vail drawn maliciously) and jetting out with laborious advantage in appearance of Severity, but yet very pliable.

She was dressed in a Green Gown, the displayed Standard to her amorous Hopes. Two Bracelets of Pomandre of Ambre (covered with Gold) adorned her Wrists, and her Elbows were shrouded in a Muff of Silk-caulwork, among whose Knots the Needle toyed, fastning on each of them a Jewel.

On her Neck with an obstinate bragging of Emulation, the choicest Neck-lace of Pearl (that was ever worn by Queen) proudly humbled it self with a Row of the smallest Granate Stones, which with their dusky colour befriended the pretences of the Pearl against her Bosom.

Two Serpents of Gold were her Pendants, which seemed with open mouth to have fastned their Teeth on the Stalk, and at their wreathed Tails hung two shining Emeralds.

On

On the left Lock of Hair was a little Rose of Gold with Six Diamonds, and another somewhat bigger sported up and down between her Breasts. But every thing offended their sight, who gazed on her Eyes, in whose brightness they saw Epitomized the Miracles of Light. These were the Calamity, where not onely *Antiochus* was involved, but to which by a fatal Disposition all mens Mindes were inclined.

The Nuptials were to be celebrated, to which with great shame *Hymeneus* approached, marked with the foul Character of Adultery and Incest. Luxury (going hand in hand with the most obscene Wantonness) had resolved to conquer it self, and consulted the most riotous Pleasures that ever the *Roman* or the *Grecian*, to wit, the learnedst Lust had invented.

But in the mean time *Antiochus* and *Stratonica* were not wanting to meet together secretly, by means of the Faithful and timerous Silence of the subtile Waiting-Women.

All the Reins were abandoned to wickedness; but they desired to cover the filthiness of Incest with the Snow of a Contract, which was nothing else but a Lye before the Gods, before the People, and the Conscience too of the Contractors.

They would have endangered the Health of the newly recovered and longing Lover, if she (who was very voluptuous) had not out of Love to her self procured his preservation for a longer use. Scarcity redoubled their Appetites, but delay was a very pleasing punishment, the Blinde-lovers believing

believing like *Cupid*, that they should be immortal like him, and that sensual Pleasures could not but be maintained by Life, which often miscarries in the infancy of Fruition.

Looks in the mean time and Sighs, and (in the view of the World) the lawful touch of the Hard, supplied what fell short of the Pleasure which in Secret they enjoyed. Two Hearts (that prescribe to themselves a *non-plus ultra* at their own little Pillars) deceive those Thoughts which are never contented, unless they obtain something more then they possess. The Soul (which thinks all the World a narrow compass) cannot endure to be forced by Sense to the miserable servitude of adoring a Face, in which (though it never so much counterfeit a Deity) yet sees in the end that it lies, and that a fair Cheek is but a flitting shadow, and that the Sighs of a fond Heart melt in the end into the bitter Juices of Tears, and the Waters of Repentance.

A thousand Nets were pitcht to allure to these Nuptials, whole Provinces, or at least the best of them. But amongst other things, they prepared three wonderful Spectacles, which had as good success as any thing that graced the Feasts.

The first was a rare Pastoral; the second a Royal Tilting; the third a most sumptuous Feast.

There had continued in the dear and honored Memories of a free Prince of a most happy State, a very fine Pastoral, whose Title was *A R C A D I A* SET AT LIBERTY, the Fruit of a rare Youths Invention, who vouchsafing to imitate the
X famouest

famouſeſt men, was angry with himſelf that he had not ſurpaſſed them. All the great and Noble things (which *Ariſtotles* School boaſted of) were found in that Comedy.

Though the Work was extreemly delightful, yet it did not fully answer the Royal Expectation, which aiming ſtill higher, had reſolved to amaze the Spectators, giving them together with *Arcadia*, great Enterludes of *Galatea*.

Fame already had Canonized the Poem with the applauſes of all the World, which had much ſurpaſſed the known *Lyrick* vein of the Latine and Greek Poets. The happy Compoſition repreſented all the Graces of Love, and expreſſed in the fortunate Leaves whatſoever Art ſeigns to be Beautiful, or Nature its Model.

They were buſie about the Theatre. It ſuited not with every capacity, for thoſe Heroical Delights are unfit for common people. A moderate Hall was therefore made choice of, and immediately filled with innumerable Workmen, and abundance of Materials under the conduct of a famous Engineer, without limiting the Expences. They diſtributed Billets to a limited number, which were a Wedding Garment to him, who was for the ſpace of four hours to be in an-extaſie of Pleaſure. The Spectators were brought in with great Majeſty, but though there were multiplied Guards, yet the torrent of the Perſons was ſo ſtrong, that they could not interdict the effects of Deſire without hazard- ing many lives, whileſt a longing Expectation offered Violence to the Curious, whereupon in a very
ſhort

short time the Theatre seemed replenished with one single Body.

The Ladies crowded together, resembled the Stars in the Milky way. Every Pillar, every Base, and every Chapter were taken up.

The Evening-star appeared, and the Night was now as bright as the Day. When the Spectators were assembled (all Eyes beginning to poize their own sweetness) a warlike melody of Drums and Trumpets resounded in their Ears, whose short noise was seconded by an harmonious Consort of several Instruments.

With a swiftness like Lightning, they drew the finely coloured Curtain, which the Eye could scarce follow. A fortunate extasie then transported the Spectators; for a moving Heaven discovering it self with pleasant Draughts of a Country afar off, they saw an Air glister of the colour of a Sapphire, mingling it self with the fine Purple of a Jacinth, the purest Dyes of the finest Blews being mixed with them; and they saw afar off some little Brooks bubble, which expressed the whiteness of the broken Foams, the painted Waters deceiving the most subtle.

With that slow Majesty which in Heaven the Light moves with, accompanying the Sun its fair Fountain, they saw rise from the Pavement of the wonderful Scene (as it were from the natural Horizon) a regular Volumn of most shining Beams, which encompassed a Golden Chair made all of fiery Brightness. A Youth representing *Apollo* sat in it, having his Head adorned with a Diadem of

Lights; his right hand held a golden Scepter, and his left lean'd on a Cittern set with pretious Stones: and while the Chair insensibly ascended by an invisible Engine, he sang the most delicate and the smoothest Verses that ever humane Ear was pleased with, and that great Machines ascent to the highest Region of the Air, and the ending of the Musick (the Prologue to the Fable) were at the same time, as it was at the very same time that they saw new wonders take place of the former, while the Prospect changing it self into another Prospect no less Beautiful, they saw vast Plains succeed those Motions of the Air, together with huge Woods, which being (near at hand) composed of growing Leaves, represented the Rural Delights with some Pastoral Habitation, and then it was that (the fairest Nymph and the gallantest Shepherd coming forth on the Stage) they saw Acted those so sweet, but chaste Loves, which made the Woods famous in the true golden Age.

But when in the Intervals of the Acts (the Prospect being wholly metamorphosed) divers Rocks consumed by time and destroyed by the Waves did appear, every one believed that he was by magick Art removed to the shore of some Sea; while behold the Clouds open, and with reverence denoting their Subjection, give way to a Machine, which descended with swift Motion, carrying a flying Childe on a Globe of the same, taken from their Station. He covered with rich Nakedness (having his Eyes blinded with a golden Vail) with a Bow in his hand, and a Quiver at his side, boldly threw himself

himself from the Prop, and with a Pleasant and imperious Accent Sung thus :

*Ye Clouds which wantonly to bear
Me here below, were proud, again
Go to the known Fields of the Air,
Tis pleasure to these Wings, not pain,
At once to waft me from one Pole
To th' other. Be the Earth and Sky
So vast, as all Bounds to Controul,
Yet Cupid in a trice can fly
Beyond the highest Heaven, and
If yet there be an empty space
Above that (such is his Command)
He can ascend beyond that place ;
But ah what narrow limits are
One World, one Heaven, To whose Wings
A hundred at a time appear,
For all their length contiguous things ?
What shall we do, my Bow ? must we
Neglected lye, because each brest
That's Mortal, Homage does to me ?
And with the flames of Love's possesst.
But why name I but Mortals, All
The Powers above (enamored grown)
Shew their enflamed brests, nor shall
This quiet me ; All Heaven with one
Love-wound shall burn with Love : Give here
My Quiver, and the hottest Arrow,
The swiftest too, which in that Sphær
(To which compar'd the earth's but narrow)
May wounding deeply stick, and there*

Set

*Set all afire ; A Nymph more fair
Then Venus, Yonder does appear
From those waves like a dewy Star ;
She with the Pearl contends, and is
Far whiter then the milky way ;
The wanton Lover seeketh his
Fair Galatea, who well may
Compared in a calm Sea be
To breathing Snow, she, she I say
Shall heaven enflame, and make it see
How hard 'tis those lights not t' obey ;
And that if it have influence
At will on others, of her Eyes
(Which Beauty to the world dispence)
It shall attend 'its qualities,
And sighing them invoke. Behold
The Goddess does appear, and I
Will now direct my shaft of Gold
Against the bosom of the sky,
And where of its Sphers is the heart,
There print Love with my fatall Dart.*

When he arrived here, he shot as quick as lightning into the Air, and with a wonderful flight vanished out of the sight of the Spectators.

And behold, the Sky was coloured with a light of Fire, and opening, delivered of a Deity, which (courted by the most radiant Figures in departing from the bosom of Sovereign bliss) made harmonious Lamentations, while from the Waves lightly moved arose a most beautiful Nymph, swimming softly, and wantonly advancing among the broken

broken Waves. Her lascivious Motion, and most lovely fair Countenance, made a Consort of Beauty and Comeliness surpassing all Description. She represented the dear Daughter of *Dorus* enamored of the Beautiful *Acis*, whose Loves, whose Death, and whose Obsequies were so Nobly expressed in those Scenes, by the help of rare Musicians, and with Machines made by *Dadalus* himself, that when they had drawn from the rigidest Eyes abundance of Tears, they drew too loud Applauses from all Tongues.

That renowned Spectacle being ended, the little remainder of that night was spent in fine Balls.

The succeeding day produced a Tilting worthy of the Nuptials of a King. The night was not neglected, when the hours of the day had been bestowed on several Pastimes; the least part was spent in Sacrifices, the subsequent in Feasting, where Healths were soundly drunk. One drank to *Stratonica's* happiness, pouring down Wines to inebriate the spirits, and conveighing looks to the heart to enchant it: Another emptied Cups to the Health of the Prince, with whom he was otherwise ill satisfied, the trick of malignant Adulation. It was necessary likewise to set apart some time for Repose; the Head was encumbered with the Vapors of Wine, and the Body did languish under the tyranny of Pleasures. The vain illusions of the Nuptials (for the Dignity of the Kings) unknown to none, provoked all persons to extravagant riotousness. When they had slept disorderly, every one rose weary and discomposed. All corners were full of voluptuous entertain-

tertainments, yet they were too to be present at those spectacles, which had Kings for their Authors and Protectors, for even a negligent Contempt of little things gives offence to a Prince.

A Theatre very capacious was made choice of, and the Bride now and Bridegroom were seated together with the old Widower. The place was large, but could not contain the concourse of people, which was great beyond all belief.

At what time by the sound of several Instruments (besides the huge number of Trumpets) they saw come through the Air on a shining Chariot drawn by two flying Dragons, a Woman of rare Beauty, and which, with a full hand strewed Papers among the people, all printed with the same Character. When they had opened the Paper, they read there these words;

Ceres to the Heroes of the Elysian Fields.

THe Tears of a Mother deprived of her onely Daughter by the tyrannous Lust of a Lover will be lamented, or finde pity at least (if I am not deceived) to accompany her Sorrows. My Proserpina (ravished by Pluto the infernal King) bewails those years that she hath not seen her, who brought her into the World, who gave her Suck, and tenderly and affectionately nourished her; she went from the light of the World to the darkness of Styx, which (but for the light it receives from horrid Flames) is perpetually obscure. The Bride lies in a Bed invironed with Serpents and Basilisks, and though she be safe, yet

yet always she's sad. And she feels more torment then pleasure in the Arms of a Deity, that is nothing but Fury and Loathsomness. Behold her insipid Delights, she hath been now married many Ages, and yet still is barren. A beggarly Queen of hidden Treasures. I hear the wretches groans, which thunder in the Ear of a Mothers Heart. Her moans resound from the damned Centre, and beseech me to succor her. I have attempted every thing in vain. I have invaded the Oracles, and they give me this answer, That if a fatal Lance beat not down with force the Gates of Hell (which otherwise are invincible) I shall not see again my Proserpina. I therefore have recourse to the Elyfian Heroes, now that Heaven hath abandoned me, the World deluded me, and Hell betrayed me. And I invoke you (O Heroical Souls) and resign to your Noble right Hands the high adventure of my Daughter buried alive among the damned.

When those Papers were read, they saw the Cavaliers of the great Habitation, behave themselves with majestick anxiety of Minde, going several ways towards the enterprize.

The place was pleasant, representing *Elysium* to the life; to wit, in a cool Summers shade without Horrors, and a Verdure without Winds. The Trees bearing perpetually leaves, sported without fear of hoar Frosts, and of Ice. The ground produced no Flowers worse then sweet Rushes, then Anemones, and Daffodils; nor Birds (less esteemed then the Nightingale) sang in those odoriferous Verdures.

Cool Brooks ran purling in several places, which making a noise among speckled little Stones, called the Herbs to feed the little Flowers in their Waters. Innocent wilde Beasts (all white) ran up and down in that civiliz'd little Forest, and the Rabbats and Hares were secure when they met with the Greyhound and Leopard. The Pigeons and Turtles appeared from many parts, now bewailing, now chanting their Loves; this enjoying her mate, and that deprived of him. The Fawn played with the Maistiff, and the Stag (corvetting as he rudely used to do) met friendly with the Dogs, which in stead of biting him, licked his Haunch, and wantonly played with him. In fine, there was nothing there but Love.

○ The Spectators were delighted with wonders of that kinde drawn to the appearance of the truth, while with that celerity that one dream is transformed into another, they saw from one head of the great Theatre in vast shews a delicious Sea-Coast, on the Chrystals of whose calm Tranquility, a Vessel of rare Form came dancing, as it were, whose Sails were Cloaths of unknown Colours, but graceful; insomuch that they rendered contemptible the finest Blews, and the Purples.

○ All the Fabrick was resplendent with Gold, finely extended on the Figures and Pillars which adorned it: When it arrived at the shore, it rested securely on its Anchors; and when they had let down certain Ladders, they saw some *Ethiopians* richly arayed, dis-embark certain Steeds very pompously trapped, with

with the like number of Squires. One Cavalier alone of a very gallant presence went ashore, with a shining Helmet, gilt Arms, and an upper Garment empaild with Knots of Pearls. He began at the sound of many Trumpets to walk very softly in the Field, and in the mean time Six Damsels distributed through the great Theatre the like Writ of Defiance.

F A S O N.

A Goddess beseeches, and what rude or rather Sacrilegious Heart will not be moved to hear her, who deserves to be revered, not onely obeyed? Ceres, the Life-giving Nurse to the World, does entreat, and run ye not turbulent Nations to serve her? May ye then want Bread to eat. Ingrateful People are unworthy to live. I (fed with the Nectar of Elysian Happiness) engage here my self, because I see Mortals (whose negligence is as great as their rudeness) contemn her Prayers, who deserves to be sacrificed to. Behold me here with my Lance, now long since used to Victories, and which excepted, I have obtained nothing of my own here below among the Ghosts. The Ship that I had for the Conquest of the Golden Fleece, as it was heretofore translated to the Stars into a radiant Figure, so now is conveyed to this place under Water. Behold her near the shore. Ye Tartarean Gates being shaken by this Lance, shall restore the gage of the Daughter of Ceres, whom ye seized on by violence, that the afflicted Mother

may encompass with her Arms, the Neck of that Daughter, which being lost a Virgin, cannot be recovered but as a Woman.

Fason had no sooner retreated to the Station, whither the order in Tilting invited him, but on the other side issued forth a Cavalier with a stately Device. He came in a great Chariot beset with Jewels and Mandilions of fine Gold under a stately Canopy, and several Pillars with several Rows supported the Majestick Architecture, diverse Standards being ranged in many places. Spoils gotten from conquered Enemies, and full Trophies of Arms did serve for a warlike Embellishment. He was drawn by Six Coursers which were saddled, and on every one of them rode a Squire of rare Beauty, in a white Garment like Milk. One of the rest that was the finest, led a Steed in a Silken slip, who though he was naturally generous and fierce, yet came prancing by custom very quietly, and obeying as it were with judicious Distance the tender hands command that did lead him: when they had turned about softly, the Chariot stood still with the Cavalier, while the Papers were distributed, which said in this maner:

T H E S E U S.

WE have formerly touched the thresholds of Hell. The ways of Styx are well known to us, nor is there peradventure a Monster that fears not our Valor; and why shall we not at present return
with

with more willingness to retread the known Path, to procure us the favor, and oblige the affections of a Goddess? Neither the conquered Amazons, nor the slain Procrustes, nor the defeated Minotaures, nor the fiery vanquished Bulls, can equal our Glory to that, which even can augment our felicity in the Elysian fields. Behold my right hand prepared for the enterprize, at whose strokes the horrid Gates shake already, rather fall: Ye Laurels, which rejoyce in being sprinkled with Martial sweat, bow ye your branches to my rising Glories, and intress your selves in Crowns to honor my Praises.

Theseus was scarce got to the limited place, when from a high hanging Hill a Cavalier issues forth, arrayed with the splendor of a Saphire, the most nimble of Body, and of the noblest Countenance that ever any Hero could boast of. In a Majestick demeanor, yet affable, he came standing on a great triumphal Arch like an Imperial *Colossus*. He was gently drawn on invifible Wheels by six *African* Gyants, and held in his choyce Shield three Rampant Lyons, certain Crofies, and some Bars. The Palm-trees bowed themselves as he passed along, and all the great Heroes of *Elysium* distinctly did him Homage. In the nature of a vile Varlet that fierce *Hanibal* led his Steed, who when he was hardly ten years old, swore eternal enmity with the *Romans* on the Sacred Fires. He, who destroyed the great City *Saguntus* in a short space of time; who blocked up the *Alps* against the power of the *Barbarians*; who passed into *Italy*, defeated *Sempronius*

Sempronius at *Trebia*, *Flaminius* at *Thrasymenus*, *Paulus* and *Varro* at *Cannæ*; he finally who encamped at *Rome*, and reduced it to that exigence, that if the courageous *Scipio* (so the Cavalier was called) had not sustained the fears of the Citizens, *Latium* would have lamented its lost Liberty.

So great a Captain, who was very rich in Glories, came no whit puffed up. Haughtiness encreases not Majesty, but diminishes it. He seemed not to remember, That when he was yong, in the first Conflict against the *Carthaginians* at *Pavia*, he had preserved the life of his Father; That in the mortal Battel at *Cannæ*, he had upheld the Nobility, so as he left not empty *Romes* Nests, who being at five Lustres made *Pretor*, had won the vast *Spains*, had defeated the two famous *Asdrubals*, and set his triumphing Foot on the Gullet of *Africa*. He seemed not to remember the great Sirname procured to himself for the Third of the conquered World, nor the Title of *Asiatick*, acquired by his Valor to his Brother; Neither seemed he to remember the incomparable enterprize of commanding himself, while he fortified himself against the rare Beauties he had gotten in the Wars.

So great a Heroes (from whom was to descend one of the worlds greatest Pedigrees, to make the State of *Venice* more and more renowned in the *Cornelian* Progeny) seated himself with the rest in a convenient place, while with sundry Devices the remainder of the Champions went forwards. One seemed the pious *Trojane*, whose shoulders supported the Majesty of the exil'd Household-Gods, and

and the decrepid age of his impotent Father. Another appeared like *Romulus*, who of an humble Shepherd became the great Founder of *Rome*. This counterfeited the great *Macedonian*, that *Achilles* the terror of the *Palladium*; and others represented divers *Heroes*, every one expressing his own meaning in several Papers.

Fason began with his strong Mace to shake the *Stygian* Gates, and they heard rude lamentations answer the strokes in a melodious maner, as of people affrighted. And they saw issue forth from the tops of certain Towers, Globes of thick Smoak and horrid Fire. Various Monsters passed along the Walls with terrible Snowts, and Weapons unknown to this world. These sometimes threatning, sometimes flying, represented several Figures in an un-usuall Dance expressing Fury and Fear.

At the third Shock of *Fasons* Lance the Gates opened a little, and great Volumns of fire issued out at them; but they quickly closed again, scarce suffering the Miseries of Hell to appear. All the rest made successively tryal of their Force, but that high adventure was reserved for the generous *Scipio*, who at the first stroak hit the *Stygian* Gates so powerfully, that falling with a horrible noyse on the ground with a terrible Earthquake, they discovered on the sudden the unhappiness of the Kingdom of Sorrow. They saw there the Nieces of *Belus*, with eternal torment of fruitless labor carry Waters perpetually running out, and perpetually encreasing. *Sisyphus* there likewise to rowl up and down the great Stone with continual Vicissitudes of ascending

ascending and descending. Besides, they saw there the unfortunate *Prometheus* tyed to a stone, and feeding a torturing Vultur with the living meat of his bowels still reviving. A little way off, the greedy *Tantalus*, Thirsty, with his lip touching the cool water, and Hungry, with his hand on the bait of the Odoriferous and Vermilian Apple. Neither wanted there infinite other spectacles of sad Miseries. *Pluto*, overthrown by the Power of a fatal Victory, surrendered now *Proserpina*, who at last came running to meet the open arms of *Ceres*, to kiss reciprocally one another. She went from a Scorched, to a Flourishing Ground, from Fires to Coolness, from Weeping to Joys; in fine, from Hell to the *Elysian* Fields. They saw Joy triumph in their smiling Brows, and all the Theater seemed to rejoyce at the pleasure which at last the glad Couple enjoyed. All the instruments (which many ages past had been used in Musick) were here heard to fill the Air, while the *Stygian* Smoaks (not bituminous and of brimstone, but of *Benjamin* and *Ambre*) delighted their Nostrils.

The Enterprize being ended, and *Proserpina* and *Ceres* seated in a very fine Chariot with triumphing *Scipio*, they saw Fame descend on two great Wings with a loud Trumpet, who approaching at last to the Spectators, with a few, but neat and pithy Verses, did dismiss the people.

The Banquet remained, the last Prodigy of Royal Magnificence. All diligence was used to finde out skilful men to please the Palate. Cooks and Sewers were sent for from far. Even these in their kinde

kinde boasted much, and as the emulation was Ignoble, so the strife was Audacious. One would have them Banquet after the maner of the *Persians*, another as the *Syrians* use to do, and this after the fashion of *Asia*. They bought up in all Countreys all the Flesh, Fish and Spices, by measure, without measure, not forbearing for the price. The Exchequer can maintain profuse Expences: The Ships (when the Wind was not favorable) made the Seas submit to them by the force of the Oars, and (in despite of adverse *Æolus*) brought the flitting Pleasures of a Bit and a Draught.

For this preparation (made to the shame of a Father, of a Wife, of a Son, of a Bride, of a Widower, and of a Lover, the Riddle of *Sphynx*, and a Knot to be dissolved by the Sword) it seemed they were not satisfied with any possible Tribute: What should have maintained a Court many Moneths, they prepared for one day. It is not hard to perswade men to excess.

In the first Court he gave order for placing four great Marble Cisterns (a cost rather vicious then splendid) which for some hundred years had served for a receptacle of Waters in the Gardens of the Kings his Predecessors, and assigning to every one of them as much Wine (of the four best sorts, not onely of the growth of the Countrey, but which came from foreign Provinces) as for the space of two days running out (of very large Mouths, with free access to those of the Country, and to Strangers, might content the most inordinate Appetite.

In the second Court were dispenced to satiety (to innumerable heads of the people) Bread, variety of Flesh, and rare Fish.

In the third costly Tables stood provided for Three thousand persons, which were nobly served, where none but the Soldiers had leave to sit down. Two hours were allowed to every company of the Guests, and all the day and all the night were imployed in that maner; and to every one was given at his departure, a Golden Meddal with the Pictures of *Stratonica* and *Antiochus*.

In the last Court were assembled all the Officers of War, every one of which had presented him a Horse, and the chiefeft had likewise a Chain, and an *Ethiopian* Page.

Neither was the great Hand of Royal Munificence less open to the Ladies. Jewels of a great value, Squires of a rare wit, proud Horse-litters, Cloaths of Gold; brave presents in fine, fit for great ones to receive, and for Kings to bestow.

Every working hand was imployed in setting out the Banquet, the supream Prodigy of Luxury. Even the vacant Vestals spent their preciousst time in the provocations of Wantonness and Gluttony.

A most splendent Hall opened in a Quadrangle, supported by twelve rows of Pillars: There the Tables were prepared; one by it self, for *Seleucus* and the new married couple; one a little lower, for twelve Princesses and the like number of Princes, placed one against the other. Others without much distinction, for above Three hundred Knights. The best Musicians met there, who singing unchaste Songs

Songs (by calling *Venus* to *Bacchus*) even in the Bosom of the coldest decrepid Age, could stir up wanton Thoughts.

While they Dine, and that infinite Cups are now emptied, with great abuse always of the Gifts of Nature, and the Labors of Art, behold an Eagle comes in at the Window, which (three or four times flying round) descends, and with his Talons and Beak, seizes on the Crown from the Head of *Seleucus*; nor could the Waiters (though they did all they could) forbid his departure together with the prey. He flew where it was impossible to refinde him. Now this unworthy King deserved not that Heaven should vouchsafe him the Honor to presage his destruction by Prodigies; but the Character of Kings (the greatest thing Heaven gives to Mortals) did grant this Mortal priviledge to him.

The Expedition arrived on the Wings of an Eagle, and denoted Celerity in the execution. It was not the Screech-Owl of *Pallas*, a Warriour, a Goddess, but at last a courteous Virgin: Not the Peacock of *Juno*, a Bird very stately, and which ends her threats, or rather her anger in cries; much less the Pigeon of *Venus*, the Messenger always of Love. It was the Provost-Marshal of the Thunderer, who is not soon angry, and threatens not but to strike. The Gods had determined in a full Consultation, that the Thunder-bolt should not fall in vain.

Many were the Discourses concerning this matter. The wisest men grew pale at it, but the imprudent

prudent King (behaving himself ridiculously) interpreted so considerable an Accident, as a thing of Chance. It is Fatal in such cases (which threaten near at hand) when Princes become stupid, and see not themselves what all men behold. Histories give Presidents of it to a number without number. *Antiochus* (more a States-man than a Son) though he outwardly seemed afflicted, was inwardly well pleased; and since he had taken the Wife from his Father, he thought to rob him likewise of his Kingdom. The Water having broken down the Banks, was not satisfied in violently running with part of its force, but will carry with it all its whole power; and though the Corn be spoiled in the Field, the Vine-roots extirpated, and the Edifices overthrown, it cares not for any thing but the Effects of its Violence.

The wanton *Stratonica* trembled likewise, and brake (that she might not be observed) a Groan, which issued out of her Breast; but she could not suppress a hot file of Sighs, which came from her Breast: Not for *Seleucus*, whom she hated at last as the Author of their common shame; but because in the Father she beheld the Son threatned, and in the ruine of *Antiochus*, foresaw her own fall.

Onely the Mother of *Climenes* was exceedingly glad of the Prediction: She intervened the joys of others, being pursued by her Sorrows. Her Body was apparrell'd with gay Cloaths, her Minde with mourning. She went musing how to further the Disasters of that Court towards its utter destruction;

struction; and though her Design had no effect, yet her Will was not wanting.

Now the Dinner inclined towards an end, and several Birds let loose out of Cages with Golden Bars, made the Hall resound for joy in a glad noise, compelling all to catch them; for they were not Birds of that Country, but taken with Golden Nets cast in remote Mountains, and in Woods afar off. The Ginney-Bird, the Parrot, the Pheasant, and several less Fowl esteemed for their Beauty or Singing. At which time a Herald (cloathed in a Blood-colour Suit) enters in the heat of the Revelling, with three Arrows in his Hand, and a dead Mans Skull in-wrought in his Coat, with artificial Horror, and demands Audience. Then she (who took ill the Death of her Son) cheered up her self, and in those deadly Prodigies read her unlucky Joys. A horrid Silence accompanied the paces of the unfortunate Messenger, from his enterance into the Hall, till he came to the Royal Tables. The Soul (which participates of Divinity) chiefly presages mischievous Accidents. They could conceive nothing but Disaster. The Herald without bowing himself at all, or shewing any sign of respect, in a clear sound, and intelligible to all, said as followeth, That there was a Cavalier below in the Court, whom Victory onely, or Death could discover; That (inflamed with the Desire of a just Revenge) he was come to defie *Antiochus* body to body, to prove to him by Arms, that there lived not an unworthier Prince then himself. *Antiochus* (though surprized in a time when his Minde was besotted with

with his Loves, and his Body abandoned to his Lusts) yet naturally being turbulent and fiery, throwing far from him the Chair in which he reposed, rose up; having onely a Sword by his side; but *Stratonica* neglecting the gravity of a Queen, and retaining the Fury of a Lover, without having regard to the incumbrance of her Royal Robes, threw her self from the Throne, and crying out like a Mad-woman, and breaking forth into Sobs and Groans, clung about his Neck as pale as Death, and swooned indeed, and was dead, by what her Face expressed. But being recovered with Vinegar, and recalled to Life by cool Waters, *Antiochus* besought her not to forbode him so ill, and in the mean time he Armed himself to fight with the unknown Cavalier. He descended environed with many Princes, whom (entreating) he commanded not to stir, except it were to convey him out of the Field either Dead or a Conqueror. His panting Heart did hasten half as fast again the course of his life, now at last very fitting, and sang to it self in Deaths tone, the now unappealable disastrous Divinations. But the vain Prince seemed unconcerned and undaunted, though possessed with fear. *Mars* (it is true) is the Lover of *Venus*, but he lets himself be caught in the Net of a Smith. Seldom a curled Hair, and a Countenance perfumed with Sivet and Ambre, is the dwelling of a couragious Soul.

The Court being gone with mute Fury from the Combatants, *Antiochus* coped with his unknown enemy. He skilfully fencing did put by his thrusts, covering

covering his flank with his Sword, which had not any other defence. *Antiochus* offending him likewise defended himself, endeavoring to master Art by Art. Sometimes he contracted his stride, sometimes elonged it; directing one while the mortal Point to the Eyes, and one while to the Breast of his Adversary. The other as cunning as he and as strong, did affright him with sudden Passado's, and the male of his Corslet being broken in the end, the Prince saw himself wounded in the Thigh. The blood began to spin out of it, insomuch that as a Bull becomes fell, when he sees himself bleed, he raging fell on him, and wounding him deeply in the Arm, was revenged of his Adversary. But *Antiochus* now hurt in many parts, lost blood in several places, and his life sought an *exit* at many holes, while not resolving where, the concealed Champion with the fatal Point thrust it out, displaying him sooner dead than in an agony.

When *Seleucus* beheld his Son fall, in whom he supposed to live after death, and for whose sake he had parted with his Honor, he was so transformed through vexation mixt with anger, that he seemed to lodge all Hell in his Countenance. He blaspheming demanded his Arms, so as (being mastered by Fury) he was hardly understood. He precipitously armed himself, for the Stars opposing him with violence, seek the way to their Effects. In the mean time the unknown Cavalier walked warily, but proudly in the field of his Victory, and beheld his Laurels watered abundantly with the blood of dead *Antiochus*.

Who-

Whosoever hath beheld the Maistiff-dog, who (having his neck armed with sharp irons) with his foaming Chops, and enflamed Eyes falls on the Bull, who comes bellowing and carrying his Horns low, and bravely seizes on his Ear, beholds *Selencus*, who abandoning himself went towards his Sons murtherer, who receiving him like one that is willing to preserve himself and suppress his adversary, stroak at him imperuonsly; but the mortal edge glanced aside most opportunely, and caused the blow to fall to the ground; by reason of which *Selencus* felt great pain in his arm, so as very hardly he was afterwards able to use it. The other returned the stroak with more cunning, and began to clasp *Selencus* in that maner, that at last he shewed fear in all he did. He could not stir, but he trod in the blood of his dear Son, and stumbled at the bloody corps, in whose wounds for his sake he saw the Kingdom lost, and the World dead to him. The unfortunate King bewailed himself extinct by his onely Sons death, and lamented the Royal Posterity decayed in that onely sprowt; whereupon redoubling his weak force, and provoking to more fierceness his adversary, he flew on him (throwing away his sword) with his unarmed arm, and clasping him about the hips, with a sharp Hanger which he drew from his side, he wounded him often between the joynts of his Brest-plate; but so to overcome him, was the way to kill himself; for the unknown Cavalier (when he felt himself thrust through the Reins) drew out a short Dagger, and hid it beneath in the belly of *Selencus*. Whereupon with reciprocal death

death they fell down in their mixt blood, and expired at the same time. While the people saw Death (armed with other Weapons then his ordinary Sithe) mow down the Kings, they felt a deadly chilnefs run up and down in their Bones.

Then the Helmet was pulled off from the concealed strangers head, and presently he was known by *Stratonica* for *Demetrius* her Father. Amazement and sorrow possessed then all the corners of her Soul. She saw the Conclusion, but understood not the Myftery. Whereupon ſhe ſeemed a *Niobe*, That in her Lover and her Father had loſt fourteen Children at once. Her Cheeks loſt their red, and reſigned up their whitenefs, a ſad Lead-colour ſucceeding their Beauty; and where her Affliction could not repreſent her rather dead then tormented, her Hand ſupplied with blows that defect; ſo (killed many ways) ſhe threw herſelf on the Corps, ſometimes of her Father, and ſometimes of *Antiochus* (being all bloody and weeping) giving them kiſſes mixt with Love and with Pity, and howling (like a woman tranſported in the ſervice of *Bacchus*) till laying her hand by chance on the bloody Dagger which wounded her Father (ere her Governeſs could hinder her) ſhe thruſt it into her Boſom, but lightly (for an incontinent hand is always cowardly) and bending downwards, fell on the dead Bodies of her Father, her Husband, and her wanton Lover. She was taken up while ſhe ſeemed to expire (more wounded with Anguiſh then the Iron) and on the arms of ſeveral Maids (which ſerved her in the nature of a pitiful Beer) carried into the Pallace.

All the Court did nothing else but weep bitterly, onely among so many discontented, the old Mother of *Climenes* seemed comforted.

While every thing was disordered, and the Kingdom tottered without Pillars to support it, they saw descend through the Air from on high, a Globe of a thick Cloud, from which they discovered ever and anon with great crashing, flying Fires. This staying over the middle of the principal Court, opened with a terrible Earth-quake, and an incredible horror of the Spectators.

The Night came on, and the darkness now encreasing, did cover the unfortunate Pallace, when it was driven away again by many Lights, which (issuing out of the bosom of the great-bellied cloud) distributed themselves with limited measures into distinct spaces, without shewing in what maner they existed. A woman of a declining age (with her hair hanging loose, of a severe and grave Countenance, clad in a Brown Robe, with a Wand in her right hand, and a Book in her left) commanded a Silence, and stilled their weeping and cries, in a shrill tone afterwards began in this maner :

People, Lament not the deaths of unworthy Kings, bewail your selves, and accuse the Stars for so basely subjecting you to the Rule of such Monsters. Bewail ye rather the encreasing Disasters which reserve you to greater Misfortunes.

Seleucus, Demetrius, Antiochus, Stratonica (though Kings) were all born of base Seed in a Cradle of Gold, whose Mothers many ways committed foul Adulteries. Of abject Embraces (sought after

after in the Stable and the Field) they conceived their Issue the dregs of the People. Behold the Son that presumed to dishonor his Father; behold the Father, who endured, rather favored his own shame; behold the engenderer of the Adulterers, whom youthfulness (wanton of it self) had made by his connivance more Audacious.

This Kingdom a whole Age shall be the sport of Fate, and scorn of the World. Every Lustre shall have a new King, they shall dye all by Poyson or the Sword; for dishonest Beginnings have unfortunate Ends.

She said so, and vanished, and the Lights vanished with her; whereupon by the light of the Funeral Torches, every one retired to his home.

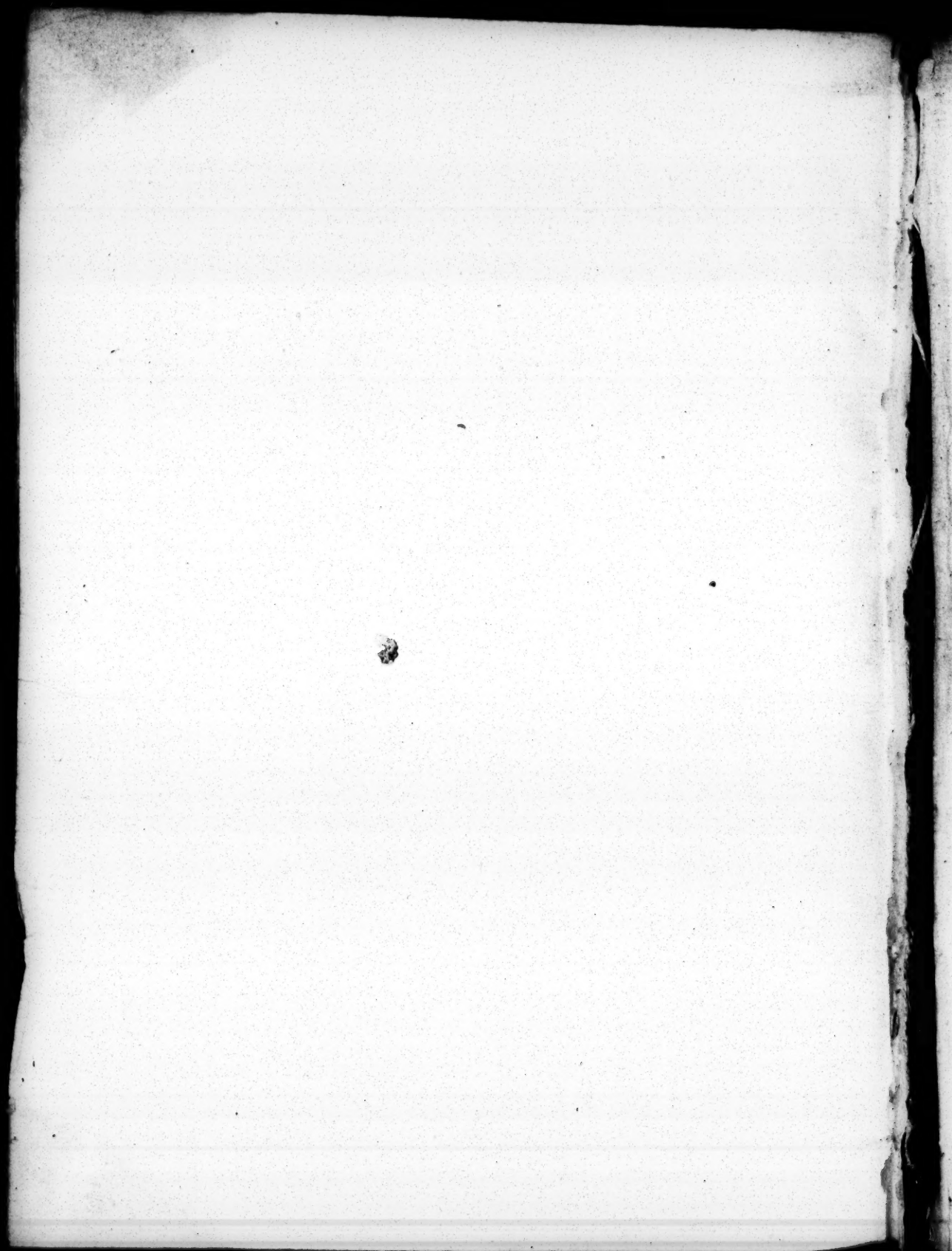
When the Sun was risen, many troubles arose in that Court, many pretending to the Crown, this by open Force, and that by clear Right. Among other, *Alicander Seleucus* his kinsman (a haughty man and indiscreet, being opposed very stiffly by some, but followed by most) having imprisoned or killed his Competitors, usurped the Throne, investing his shoulders to Tyranny with the specious Robe of a King.

The first Prey he aspired to was *Stratonica*, who (easily rehealed by the Surgeons) in all those Disgusts and Lamentations, was forced to take again the possession of her usual Beauty. *Alicander* was the ugliest of all men, as she of all women the most Beautiful. The small Pox had so eaten his Face, that he seemed a Monster. He was quite Bald, excepting a few single Locks about his temples. His
Nose

Nose stood awry, and was flat, his Eyes grim, his Lips swoln, and his Face full of ulcerous Pimples. Some Tufts of hair hung down from his Chin inclining to Ash-colour, and very ill ordered. Such a one *Stratonica* enjoyed, who was exceeding luxurious and comely, as another *Venus* in the six and twentieth year of her age, while (loathing him in her minde, and sweetning her disasters with the memory of *Antiochus*) she embittered with contempt his insipid Delights. Whereupon, being distasted if not glutted, he resigned her up as a prey to the unruly Soldiers, to the end they might have their fill of her. So, broken in a short space of time, and disfigured by unhappy Diseases, *STRATONICA*, a little before the Treasure of the Age and Wonder of the People, without having so much as a course Cloth to cover her, returned rotten, not onely naked, to the Womb of the Earth.

FINIS.





T. 6/61

omance.—La Stratonica, or the Unfor-
tunate Queen, a New Romance, written in
italian by Luke Assarius, and now Englished
by J. B. Gent, sm. 4to. half calf. 18s 1656